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A JOURNAL OF CIVILIZATION

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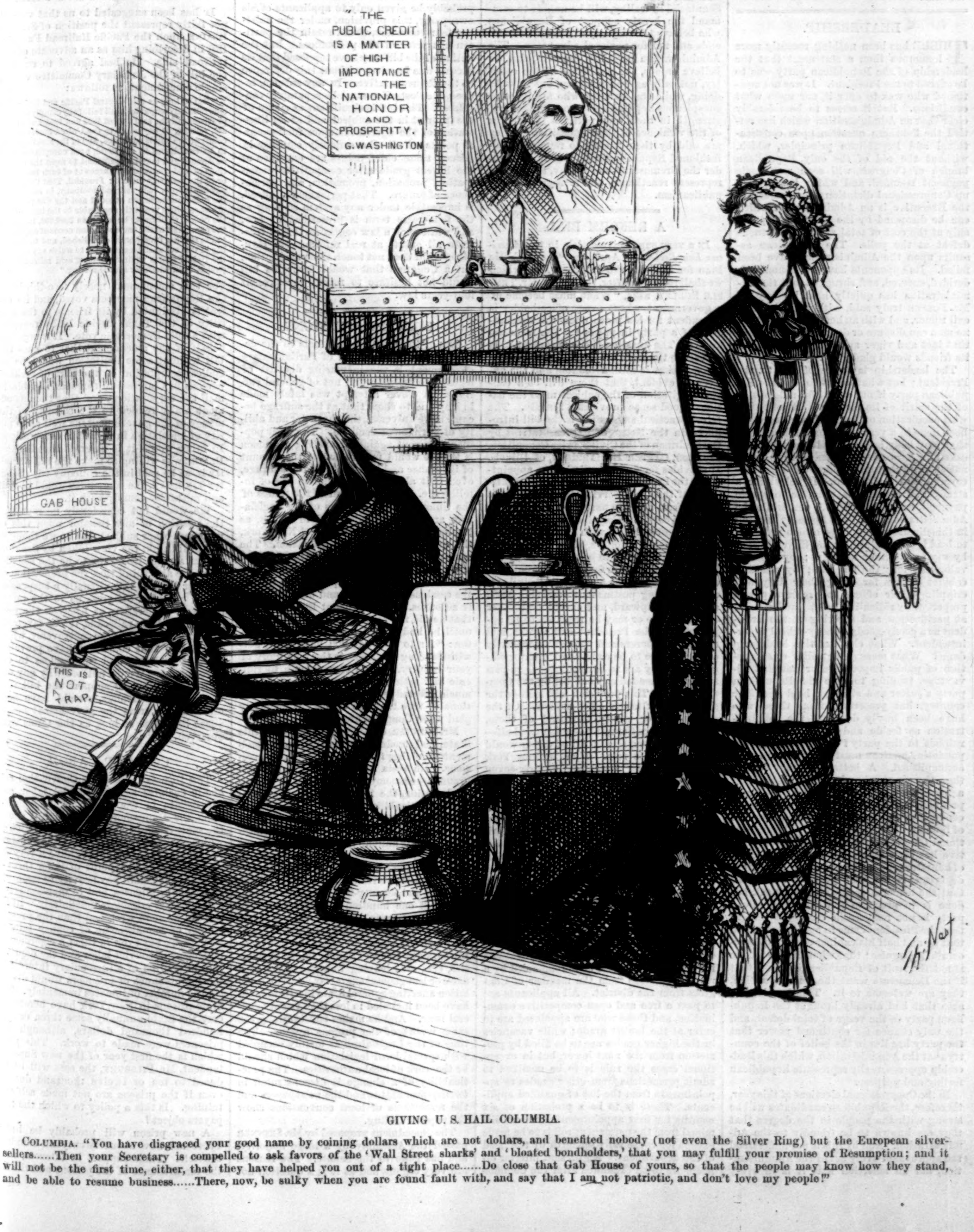
"THE PUBLIC CREDIT IS A MATTER OF HIGH IMPORTANCE TO THE NATIONAL HONOR AND PROSPERITY. G. WASHINGTON
LIBERTY
GAB HOUSE
THIS IS NOT A TRAP.
Th: Nast

GIVING U. S. HAIL COLUMBIA.

COLUMBIA. "You have disgraced your good name by coining dollars which are not dollars, and benefited nobody (not even the Silver Ring) but the European silver-sellers......Then your Secretary is compelled to ask favors of the 'Wall Street sharks' and 'bloated bondholders,' that you may fulfill your promise of Resumption; and it will not be the first time, either, that they have helped you out of a tight place......Do close that Gab House of yours, so that the people may know how they stand, and be able to resume business......There, now, be sulky when you are found fault with, and say that I am not patriotic, and don't love my people!"

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HARPER'S WEEKLY.

Saturday, May 4, 1878.

☞ *The* Illustrated Supplement *sent out gratuitously with this Number of* Harper's Weekly *contains a very interesting description of Ostrich-Farming in South Africa, with several engravings, and other attractive features.*

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LEADERSHIP.

THERE has been nothing recently more humorous than a statement that the leadership of the Republican party was to be offered to the President. It was not mentioned who was to offer it, nor upon what conditions. But it seems to be tolerably clear that an Administration which has settled the Southern question upon constitutional and Republican principles, which, without the aid of the only Republican branch of Congress, will soon see specie payment resumed, and which has broken up Congressional dictation of patronage to the Executive, is an Administration which can be disowned by the Republican party only at the cost of total and contemptuous defeat at the polls. The Republican assaults upon the Administration have been foiled. Its opponents have all denounced, derided, sneered, and shrugged, but the Administration has quietly held its way, as Mr. Foster truly said, without scandal or evil rumor, and with an honest purpose that no man can dispute or deny, even if without that tact and vigor and consistency which its friends would gladly see.

The leadership is to be offered to the President; but what ought to lead the Republican party if not a faithful redemption of the spirit of its pledges? It asked for wise pacification of the South, and more has been done in a year to restore real harmony than any body believed to be possible. It asked for Executive independence in nominations, and that independence has been recovered and maintained. It asked for a steady and continuous progress to specie payment, and it is at hand. But while the Administration has been honestly moving in this direction, how have others proposed to lead? By sustaining the Silver Bill, or by saying nothing about it; by fighting valorously for "the machine;" by assailing cabinet officers for doing their duty, and crippling their efforts to preserve public property; by ridiculing reform, and scoffing at pacification, and sneering at the President as a goody-goody Sunday-school superintendent. What else has this leadership done? What measure or policy or suggestion of public importance or national advantage, tending to give the Republican party a juster and stronger hold upon the country, has proceeded from those who have been busily decrying the Administration as feeble and un-Republican and ruinous to the party? Results that every patriotic American must approve have been accomplished. A better national feeling than the country has known for more than a generation has been reached. Great progress toward a restoration of financial confidence, indispensable to the renewal of industry, has been secured. Unconstitutional Congressional control of the Executive has been repulsed. A general feeling of honester tone in the management of great departments has been promoted. And all that the leadership of which we speak has done is to proclaim that the Republican party is not responsible for these things; that the President came in by a bargain, and that he and half his cabinet are really Democrats in disguise; that what has been done is not the fruit of Republicanism, and that if the Democrats want the Administration, they are welcome to it. This is a leadership that had already brought the Republican party to the verge of total defeat, and the only chance for continued power that the party has lies in the belief of the country that the Administration, which this leadership opposes, really represents Republican feeling and purpose.

In the Congressional elections of this year, therefore, the Republican candidates will be strong with the people in the degree that they are known to be friendly to the Administration. And by this is not understood the approval of every act of the Administration, nor an assertion that it is in every thing consistent, nor that it has not made mistakes. What will be understood is that the general spirit and purpose of the Administration are approved as patriotic, constitutional, and expedient, and that its policy of true pacification, of honest finance, and of Executive independence ought to be vigorously sustained and more boldly prosecuted. Those who desire good results of the Administration should strengthen it by showing that it has the public approval. That approval, however, must not and will not be misinterpreted as a sign of entire satisfaction, or as an acknowledgment that what has been done is all that was expected and demanded. But it will be an encouragement to pursue a course more fully in harmony with the anticipations that attended the inauguration. Republican candidates, on the other hand, who sympathize with the hostility that has been displayed toward the Administration, and who are understood to prefer the leadership represented in Mr. W. E. Chandler's letter and in the Senatorial ill feeling, will be unable to command the hearty support of Republicans who believe that a party exists for national ends and not for personal advantage. The Administration certainly deserves, and we believe enjoys, the confidence of the country, not only as well-meaning, but as well-doing, while the Senators who are its most conspicuous Republican opponents have lost strength in their own party in the degree of the virulence of their opposition. They are said by their friends to represent old-fashioned Republicanism. But in fact, under the circumstances of to-day, they really represent reactionary and retrogressive Republicanism.

A REFORM BILL.

In a very suggestive article in the *American Law Review* for April, on "The Nicholas Plan for Electing the President," to which we shall refer hereafter, the writer, Mr. Temple Bodley, asks, "What must become of a government whose every office-holder is dependent for his place upon the continuance of a party in power? The facts are known. The question is the argument." It is because the facts are known, and because the question is so unavoidable and the answer so evident, that there will be a constant agitation of the subject until the national good sense provides a remedy. The latest practical suggestion is the bill introduced in the House of Representatives by the chairman of the Civil Service Committee, the Hon. Carter H. Harrison, of Illinois. It provides for five Commissioners, appointed by the President and Senate, as a Department of the Civil Service, three only to be named from any one party, one to retire every two years, the Commissioner of shortest term to be chairman, with an annual salary of five thousand dollars, the others of four thousand. They are to be removable by the President and Senate for cause, but political opinions shall not be a cause. All civil officers, excepting postmasters receiving $3000 a year and upward, and except such other officers as are or may be required to be appointed by the President and Senate, and excepting laborers and persons temporarily employed, are to be considered inferior officers, and they are to be appointed from persons recommended as qualified by the Commissioners. This provision will include the great mass of minor office-holders. Of the eighty-five or ninety thousand of these, about forty-five thousand—nearly one-half—are postmasters, almost all of whom would fall under this rule. Thus in New York there are rather more than twenty-seven hundred post-offices, and there are probably not twenty postmasters who receive a salary of $3000 or more. So in the customs service those who are appointed by the President and Senate are very few. In the New York Custom-house there are twelve or thirteen hundred places, but not a dozen officers in it are nominated by the President. The bill, therefore, would include the bulk of the minor places, and by its further provisions would prevent the abuse of the patronage of those places by superior officers.

These inferior officers are to be appointed from the different Congressional districts as equally as practicable, and all applications for appointment must be accompanied by a recommendation from the member of Congress from the district. All applicants are to pass a free and open competitive examination, and those who are appointed are to enter at the lowest grade; while vacancies in the higher grades are to be filled by promotion from the next lower, but in exceptional cases the rule is to be modified to admit promotions from other grades or appointments from the list of qualified applicants. There is to be a probation of six months for first appointments, and no dismissal from the permanent roll is to be made except for cause fully set forth by the head of the department. All present inferior officers are to be examined after the Commissioners have decided upon qualifications, but no dismissal is to be made for political opinions. No political assessment is to be allowed, and its payment shall cause dismissal. The Commissioners may decide what places in the service may be filled by women; and whenever they successfully compete with men, the salary shall be the same as that of men. These are provisions based upon sound principles, except the district classification and Congressional recommendation, which, however, are concessions that need not be disputed.

But there is another provision which proposes a general compromise, and which is more questionable. The bill contemplates a fair and free competition of all properly certified applicants; but the thirteenth section restricts this wise provision by limiting the examinations for the post-offices—which, as we said, are nearly one-half of the "inferior offices"—to applicants recommended by the member of Congress from the district. As this recommendation would probably be given only to applicants of his own party, this provision, under the existing four-years law, would retain the partisan character of the post-offices. But the author of the bill may have supposed that its success was hopeless without this deference to the Representative. In any scheme, indeed, the Post-office must be separately considered. This bill is significant as a sign of the interest in the subject and as an illustration of the agreement upon fundamental points of all who seriously consider it. Among these chief points are entrance at the lowest grade after competitive examination, probation, promotion, and permanence of tenure. That permanence, indeed, is impossible under any system so long as the four-years term is prescribed by law, and while such a law continues it will frustrate all efforts at real reform. Mr. Harrison's bill does not touch this prescription, but a Congress that would favor his bill would not hesitate to repeal the present four-years law.

BIENNIAL SESSIONS.

One of the most curious facts in the development of the system of Parliamentary government is the increasing distrust of legislative assemblies, if not of general suffrage. A clever attempt was lately made in England to show that as the suffrage became more universal, the character and ability of Parliament declined. The most popular argument against the voting of women is that it would merely double the amount of ignorance and incapacity in the suffrage, even if it also increased the volume of intelligence. In twenty-four of the States of the Union biennial sessions of the Legislature are now the rule; and in others, as Massachusetts, Connecticut, and New York, the question is under consideration. The same proposition has been made in Congress; and nothing is more striking than the general feeling of public apprehension during the sessions of Congress, and of relief when it adjourns. An intelligent European said that he did not respect this country rightly until he had passed a winter in Washington: "for to do what you have done, notwithstanding Congress, is the true glory of your country." It is easy enough to ridicule and satirize, and we need not be too much affected by sneers; but it is unquestionably true that the country is generally glad when Congress breaks up.

Mr. Skinner, of Jefferson County, in this State, has introduced a constitutional amendment providing for biennial legislative sessions. He rests his proposition upon five grounds—economy, want of need of an annual session, the interest of good government, practicability, and the popular desire. Mr. Skinner asserts that in actual expenses it would save the State a quarter of a million of dollars annually, and indirectly a very much larger sum. The uselessness of an annual session he shows from a brief survey of the legislative results of last year. Four hundred and seventy-five laws were passed, of which one hundred and fourteen were mere amendments, and ten were repeals. Of the whole number one hundred and sixteen applied solely to cities, forty-five to towns, sixty-two to villages, thirty to counties, etc., etc., leaving but sixty-four of a more or less general character. All the legislation affecting general State interests could have been included in less than twenty general laws. And he makes substantially the same report of the present session. The time of the Legislature is mainly occupied with special local legislation which should be the work of local authorities. The practicability of a change is demonstrated in twenty-four States, and the newspapers and the resolutions of local conventions show the popular feeling.

The amendment proposed by Mr. Skinner passed the Assembly by a large majority, and has gone to the Senate. The reasons are very cogent, and as it is a question not of theory, but of experience and expediency, we hope that the Senate will not refuse to submit it to the popular vote. Constantly recurring elections have been found to be undesirable, and there is probably no intelligent citizen who regrets the extension of the Governor's term in this State to three years. The principle of popular government does not require either that every officer shall be directly elected by the people or that elections shall be incessant. It requires only that the people shall have an immediate and responsible control of the government, under such conditions as experience shall prove to be reasonable and desirable. And experience points more and more distinctly and imperatively to a reduction of the number of elective officers, and to less frequent assemblies of the representatives of the people for general purposes.

SENATOR BLAINE AND THE RAILROAD FUNDING BILL.

It has been suggested to us that we did not fairly represent the position of Senator Blaine upon the Pacific Railroad Funding Bill in describing him as an advocate of the railroad side. He had agreed to support the bill of the Judiciary Committee with a single amendment, as follows:

> "But so long as said Central Pacific and Union Pacific railroad companies shall faithfully comply with the provisions of the said acts of 1862 and 1864, and of this act, relating to payments to the United States on account of the bonds advanced, and of the sinking funds to be established as aforesaid, such compliance shall be deemed and taken as sufficient to meet the obligations of said companies on account of such bonds prior to the maturity thereof: *Provided*, That the annual payments from each railroad company, in addition to the half-transportation account and the five per cent. of net earnings presently applicable to the interest and the bonds, shall never be less than $600,000, including the other half of the transportation account applicable to the sinking fund herein established, and that nothing in this act shall be construed to waive any claim of the United States against either of said railroad companies, from whatever source arising."

For this amendment nearly two-thirds of the Republican members voted, and its defeat is attributed by its friends to the hostility of the Texas Pacific lobby together with a solid Democratic vote. It is urged on behalf of the amendment that to pass the bill without some limitation would be an endless temptation on the part of reckless persons in Congress to threaten and blackmail the corporations, and that the amendment really tended to the security of the money of the government, as well as to purity of legislation in regard to corporations. In other words, it is asserted that Senator Blaine was willing to make the bill a finality if, as he said in the colloquy with Senator Thurman, the companies would obey it and faithfully comply with it.

We would not consciously misrepresent the position of any Senator upon this or upon any other subject, but as we thought, and still think, the view taken by Senators Thurman and Edmunds to be the sounder view, we also think that the proposition of Senator Blaine was virtually a suspension of the power of Congress as to the points involved. Therefore, as between the government and the railroads, it was favorable to the railroad side of the controversy, which was a side that could not have prevailed without probable and serious loss to the government. We do not see why any one who was willing to support the bill, if it were made a finality, should have been unwilling to trust the government not to abuse its power so long as the terms were observed.

CONVICT LABOR.

The Illinois Democratic Convention solemnly declares against convict labor, and the debate in the New York Legislature upon the Dannemora Railroad Bill shows the same disposition. This is a question in which the tax-payers, who are the substantial part of the community, have a very direct interest. The point of it for them is whether they shall pay heavily to maintain criminals in idleness, and to increase crime and multiply criminals indefinitely. Nothing can be more wretched than the present system of management of county jails in New York; but even in them a rigorous enforcement of convict labor and the deprivation of sheriffs of all pecuniary interest in the maintenance of prisoners would diminish the number of inmates immensely. The State-prisons in New York have heretofore cost the State annually some three or four hundred thousand dollars, although the prisoners were made to work. This year, which is the first year of the new Superintendent, Mr. Pilsbury, the cost will be reduced to ten or twelve thousand dollars, even if the prisons are not made self-sustaining. Is this a policy to which the tax-payers object?

A new prison will probably be built. There are now about twenty-six hundred convicts. Their support in idleness, with the maintenance of the prisons and the interest on the outlay, would be a serious addition to the taxation of the State. It would be, also, monstrous cruelty to the prisoners, and effectually check the prospect of improvement. The idleness which is agreeable in the community of the county jail would be terrible in the solitary confinement of the State-prison. It is an inhuman, uneconomical, and ignorant policy, and the demand of the Democratic Convention of Illinois is but an appeal to prejudice. Even now, in the attempt to make the penitentiary of that State pay its own expenses, the discipline and health of the prisoners are injured; and if the system is changed to throw the whole burden upon the tax-payers, it is easy to see that the condition of the prison will not be improved.

There is no better economy than a wise and humane system of self-support for the prisons, founded upon the results of the most careful experience. There is no subject upon which the testimony of those who have made a long and thorough study of the facts should have more weight than the employment of convict labor. Nor ought honest workmen to object to such labor. For the best of experienced authorities would agree that while the convicts should unquestionably be employed, they should not be employed—that is to say, contracts for their labor should not be made—at rates which would enable the State to undersell honest labor. This, however, is an arrangement of details, and does not affect the principle. It is not the interest of any class in the community that convicts should be maintained in idleness.

THE GENEVA CLAIMS.

We have been asked for a reference to a full statement of the merits of the claims of the insurance companies upon the Geneva award, which we discussed last week, and we are glad to say that there is none more admirable and complete than the argument of **Arthur G. Sedgwick** before the Senate Judiciary Committee. It presents the case clearly and strongly and conclusively, and is a good manual of the precise results of the arbitration. Mr. **Sedgwick** argues forcibly for the reference of the pending claims to a judicial rather than a legislative body, holding that the objections to the insurance claims really involve legal and not political questions, and he recalls with pertinence the case of the French spoliation claims. It is said that forty-one committees of the two Houses have reported in favor of recognition of those claims; but a decision has been constantly delayed, and the original claimants are long since gone.

It would be a painful discredit to the government of the United States if in the same way it should delay the adjudication of the *Alabama* claims by declining either to decide by Congressional action or to refer them to a tribunal. The latter is a course so reasonable and so free from any objection that its adoption ought to be certain.

HOW TO MAKE ARTFUL DODGERS.

President Porter and Ex-President **Woolsey**, of Yale, Professors **Wayland** and **Walker**, Dr. **Leonard Bacon**, and Ex-Governor **English**, with other eminent citizens of Connecticut, have called attention to extensive issues of cheap and nasty reading for boys, which are carefully circulated through the country. We have seen a list of such books offered for sale, and they certainly deserve the strongest censure and the widest warning. They are not, in the ordinary sense, improper books, but they are demoralizing, and worse than worthless. They are stories of rascals, vagabonds, and adventurers. Their heroes are sharpers and tramps. A true and generous manhood, modesty, fidelity, purity, prudence, economy, temperance, sobriety, industry, are covered with ridicule. Their scenes are disreputable resorts; their songs and talk are of the most wretchedly witless kind. They are low, unclean, and unmanly, and a generation of boys feeding upon such literature would be a race of Artful Dodgers and Charley Bateses.

Boys love amusement, adventure, and excitement, and it is a Mephistophelian craft which seizes upon this natural taste to pander to their degradation. In this busy country parents are so engaged that they are often ignorant of the books which their children read, and before they are aware of it a most morbid and vulgar appetite may have mastered their sons. The boy who is constantly familiar in the books he reads with rowdies and swells, whose idea of "life" is coarse dissipation, and to whom swearing, gambling, and debauchery are "seeing the elephant," who is taught that the diligent and faithful workman is a goody-goody, and that peaceful home life is humdrum stupidity, is a boy who will naturally admire **Fisk**, and believe that **Tweed** was a jolly soul and friendly to the poor, a hundredfold better than half of those who condemn him, and that the only fault with the swindling presidents and treasurers of companies and corporations and savings-banks is that they let themselves be found out.

This kind of cheap reading is a poisoned fountain inviting the thirsty to drink at every corner. Such books are moral dram-drinking, and the good sense that seeks public order by regulating groggeries should warn and guard our youth from the pollution of such literature.

SOMEBODY TO BLAME.

It is pleasant to find an instance of official willingness to hold somebody personally and by name responsible for a wholesale loss of life by what is called an accident or a visitation of God. The last is an imposing name for culpable carelessness or criminal ignorance. A theatre is burned, or a train breaks through a bridge, or a steamer is wrecked, or a building falls, or a boiler explodes, and the consequent frightful loss of life is coolly attributed to the visitation of God, or it is called an event which could not be foreseen or prevented. In any case, and briefly, nobody is to blame. But the United States inspectors at Philadelphia declare that somebody is to blame for the waste of life by the wreck of the *Metropolis*, and they say distinctly who it is.

> "They believe Mr. **Lunt**, the superintending owner, was cognizant of imperfections in the hull of the steamer, and therefore liable to the provisions of the 4493d section of the Revised Statutes.
>
> "*Second*, that **Eben Manson**, ship-builder at Newburyport, Massachusetts, was accessory to such knowledge, and deserves criminal prosecution for withholding it from the proper authorities until ninety human lives had been sacrificed.
>
> "*Third*, they suggest to the supervising inspector of the district an examination into the conduct of Assistant Inspector **Craft** in changing the character of the steamer under the circumstances noted from the report to the Secretary of the Treasury."

And they wholly exonerated the captain.

These are most serious accusations, and they would not have been made except upon what seemed the clearest evidence. There is no doubt that similar official opinions holding individuals directly responsible for some of the awful catastrophes of recent times would have largely reduced the number of them hereafter. It is the bringing home of personal responsibility which stimulates the utmost watchfulness. It remains to be seen what the result of this verdict will be. The inspectors transmitted their judgment to the Treasury Department, and it was sent with the evidence to the subcommittee of the House Committee on Commerce. The report of that committee will be interesting. In the mean time Mr. **Lunt's** firm ask a suspension of public opinion.

TWEED.

The attempt to excite peculiar sympathy for **Tweed** because he died a broken man in jail is wholly without reason. Every honorable and generous man will have sympathy and charity for all offenders. But if it be right that men should be punished for great offenses, there was nothing unkind, unjust, or unreasonable in the punishment of **Tweed**. He was a thief on a great scale; and if thieves on a small scale are not to be invested with romantic or pitiful interest, is there any good reason why **Tweed** should be? We observe that a clergyman remarked that he should remember the wise maxim, *De mortuis nil nisi bonum.* We hope he remembers it also about **Judas Iscariot** and **Benedict Arnold**. The greater the offender, the greater the need of charity. It may be true that offenders as guilty as **Tweed** go at large, and are respected. What then? Undoubtedly there are more criminals out of prison than in prison, but shall we therefore release all prisoners? Undoubtedly he was not a malignant scoundrel; he was a hearty boon companion, a lover of his friends, and generous to "the boys." Should he, therefore, not have paid the lawful and not extravagant penalty of offenses that thin and morose men would have paid if they had committed?

The **Tweed** Ring polluted the courts of justice, it bribed legislators, it bought and muzzled the press, it corrupted young men, it demoralized industry, it sapped all the bulwarks of civilized society, and led straight to the overthrow of all the guarantees of civil liberty and order. **Tweed**, one of the chief offenders, was caught and imprisoned, living, as is stated, with every luxury that he chose to command, and at a rate of seventy-five dollars a week. Were these offenses that ought to be sentimentally overlooked, or was this an offender to be snuffled out of punishment as a "poor old man" because others as guilty had escaped? If, as is said, he was merely a scape-goat of rascals in a rascally time, is it supposed that rascally times will improve by declaring that, after all, the typical rascal was a jolly good fellow, always ready to break a bottle of Champagne if he could succeed in stealing one?

It is a great gain for public and private morality that neither the tricks of politicians nor false sentiment succeeded in defrauding justice. The sympathy and charity due to **Tweed** are due to every man and woman on Blackwell's Island or in any of the State-prisons to-day. They are human also, and they are entitled to the utmost humanity. But the career of **Tweed** will be all the more an effective warning because he died in jail.

FOLLY AND CRUELTY.

The revival of the painful Brooklyn scandal of two or three years ago is in every way deplorable, since no opinion can be changed by the manner in which it has been reopened. The long trial brought out every thing that was known, and unfortunately left without credibility the word of the unhappy woman involved. Therefore no fresh evidence has been offered. The case rests, as it has always rested, upon virtually circumstantial proof, and judgment must be formed according to estimates of character and probability. We have never seen any reason to reverse our opinion that whatever had been revealed, the offense charged had not been established. It is to be hoped that the present is the last revival of the scandal, and the unfortunate children, who are the only victims of the cruel re-opening of the affair, will surely have the deepest sympathy.

PERSONAL.

Rabbi Haravon, of Jerusalem, when on a recent visit to Boston, inspected the ancient Roll of the Law owned by Mr. **David Pulsifer**, of Boston, and pronounced the roll 2500 years old, and said it was the most ancient relic of the kind in existence. Mr. **Pulsifer** purchased the roll for a nominal price at a second-hand bookstore.

—**Disraeli**'s readiness of repartee is as quick and piquant as ever. Not long since he was dining with Princess **Mary** of Teck, who said to him, "You have the Queen with you, Parliament, and the country; what more do you want?". Lord **Beaconsfield** glanced at his plate, and solemnly replied, "Potatoes, ma'am."

—M. **Gambetta**, whose voice is potential in the French Chamber, proposes to be very liberal to the government during the approaching Exhibition. To President **M'Mahon** he recommends an allowance of $100,000; to the Minister of Foreign Affairs, $50,000; to the Minister of Agriculture and Commerce, $50,000, and to the other ministers $20,000 each, that during the Exhibition these functionaries may "receive the ambassadors, scientists, and industrial leaders of other nations with honor and dignity."

—**Charles E. Fitch**, editor of the Rochester *Democrat*, which has, we believe, the largest circulation of all the journals in the interior of the State, and whose discussions of public questions are of the highest character, will deliver the annual address at the annual convention of the State Press Association on the 19th of June.

—Colonel **A. G. Boone**, of Denver, Colorado, a grandson of that **Daniel Boone** whose wonderful adventures with Indians and varmints are remembered by every boy in the land, is writing a history of old **Daniel**'s companions, who were the pioneers of the plains, including Colonel **Christopher Carson**, Colonel **Albert Pfeiffer**, and others, covering a period of more than fifty years.

—Rev. Dr. **Putnam**, who died a few days since in Boston, was the spiritual adviser of Professor **Webster**, executed in 1850 for the murder of Dr. **Parkman**. It was to him that **Webster** made confession of the murder.

—Mr. **Bronson Alcott**, in a recent conversation on some peculiarities of **Emerson** and **Hawthorne**, says that one of **Emerson**'s notable qualities is his "gentlemanhood," which he exemplifies in himself through all social relations of the home, the neighborhood, and the town—the rare combination of qualities which are portrayed in his essay on "Manners." **Hawthorne**, Mr. **Alcott** says, was hospitable in his own way, but preferring, whether at home or abroad, when in company, to hide himself in a corner, an observer of the "spectacle of conversation" rather than a participant. He was said almost never to have been seen in the streets of Salem. His house at Brook Farm, separated from **Alcott**'s only by a gate, was discreetly defended from calls by a feminine Cerberus, and he called on his neighbor only twice or thrice during four years. He had at Concord a forest for refuge within twenty steps of the rear of his house, and also a high tower for additional security in bad weather, reached by a narrow and winding staircase, and, they said, with a trap-door that he could sit upon, which latter expedient Mr. **Alcott** thought an exaggeration.

—**Ernest Kiel**, the editor and founder of the *Gartenlaube*, died a short time since at Leipsic. He was the first who edited a weekly illustrated paper in Germany. The *Gartenlaube* appeared for the first time in January, 1853, and counts at present nearly 400,000 subscribers.

—Mr. **Patrick**, one of Congressman **Garfield**'s earliest friends, in giving a sketch of his career, so successful in the army and in public life, to some school-children, said: "I want to tell you about a young man who came to my farm-house from the canal. He had been a canal-boat driver, and as the canal had just frozen up, he wanted to do chores for his board during the winter. **James**—for that was his name—was a stalwart, honest-looking fellow, and so I took him in. My own children soon began attending school, and I asked **James** if he did not want to go to school with them, but he declined. I soon noticed that he seemed to be quite despondent, and asked him if he was troubled about any thing, and he then confessed to me that, although he was nineteen years of age, he could neither read nor write, and he was in such mental distress because, as he thought, it was too late for him to begin. I assured him it was not too late, and urged him to begin at once, which he did with so much energy that within a year from that time he was teaching school himself."

—General **James Shields**, who failed to be elected Door-keeper of the House of Representatives—an office to which he had not aspired—has had a very remarkable career. He was born in Ireland sixty-eight years ago, and has lived in the United States fifty-two years, forty of which have been in the public service. He has been a member of the Illinois and Missouri Legislatures, Auditor of the State of Illinois, a judge of her Supreme Court (with **Douglas**), her Senator in Congress, a Senator also from the State of Minnesota, a Major-General in the war with Mexico and the war of the rebellion, Governor of Oregon Territory, and Commissioner of the General Land-office. He was shot through the lungs in Mexico, and given up for dead. Congress voted him a sword for his heroism, but so poor has he become that he has been obliged to pawn it for bread. With plenty of opportunity to get rich out of the government, he has always been a poor man. He now lives in the Congressional district of General **John B. Clark**, in Missouri, and when General C. went to see him last summer he found him in the field, barefooted, following a sorry-looking mule hitched to a sorrier plough.

DOMESTIC INTELLIGENCE.

Congress: The House, April 12, concurred in the Senate amendments to the General Deficiency Bill.—On the 13th, the House appropriated $5000 for a monument to Jefferson.—The Senate, on the 15th, by a vote of 37 to 6, passed a bill to repeal the Bankrupt Law. In the House, Mr. Swann submitted the resolution of the Maryland Legislature re-opening the Presidential question. Mr. Kimmel, of Maryland, introduced a bill to allow any State denying the validity of an election to test the President's title by an action in the nature of a *quo warranto* in the Supreme Court of the United States. Mr. Cox introduced a bill forbidding any person to disfigure the national flag by advertising thereon.—The Senate, on the 16th, confirmed the nomination of R. M. Reynolds, of Alabama, as First Auditor of the Treasury, and George F. Cutler as Paymaster-General of the Navy. The Senate passed the Naval Cadets Bill. It authorizes the appointment of one cadet midshipman for every member or delegate of the House of Representatives, one for the District of Columbia, and ten at large, provided, however, there shall not be at any time more in said academy appointed at large than ten. The number of cadet engineers shall not exceed twenty-five.—In the Senate, on the 16th, the bill prohibiting gambling in the army was reported favorably. The House bill to repeal the Resumption Act was reported with amendments. On motion of Senator Blaine, the Burnside bill to remove restrictions on the enlistment of colored soldiers was indefinitely postponed. A concurrent resolution to adjourn finally June 10 was unanimously agreed to by the Senate. The House voted to abolish the twenty-cent silver piece. A Postal Savings and Funding Bill was reported from the House Banking Committee.

President Hayes, April 12, ordered a court of inquiry to rehear the case of General Fitz-John Porter.

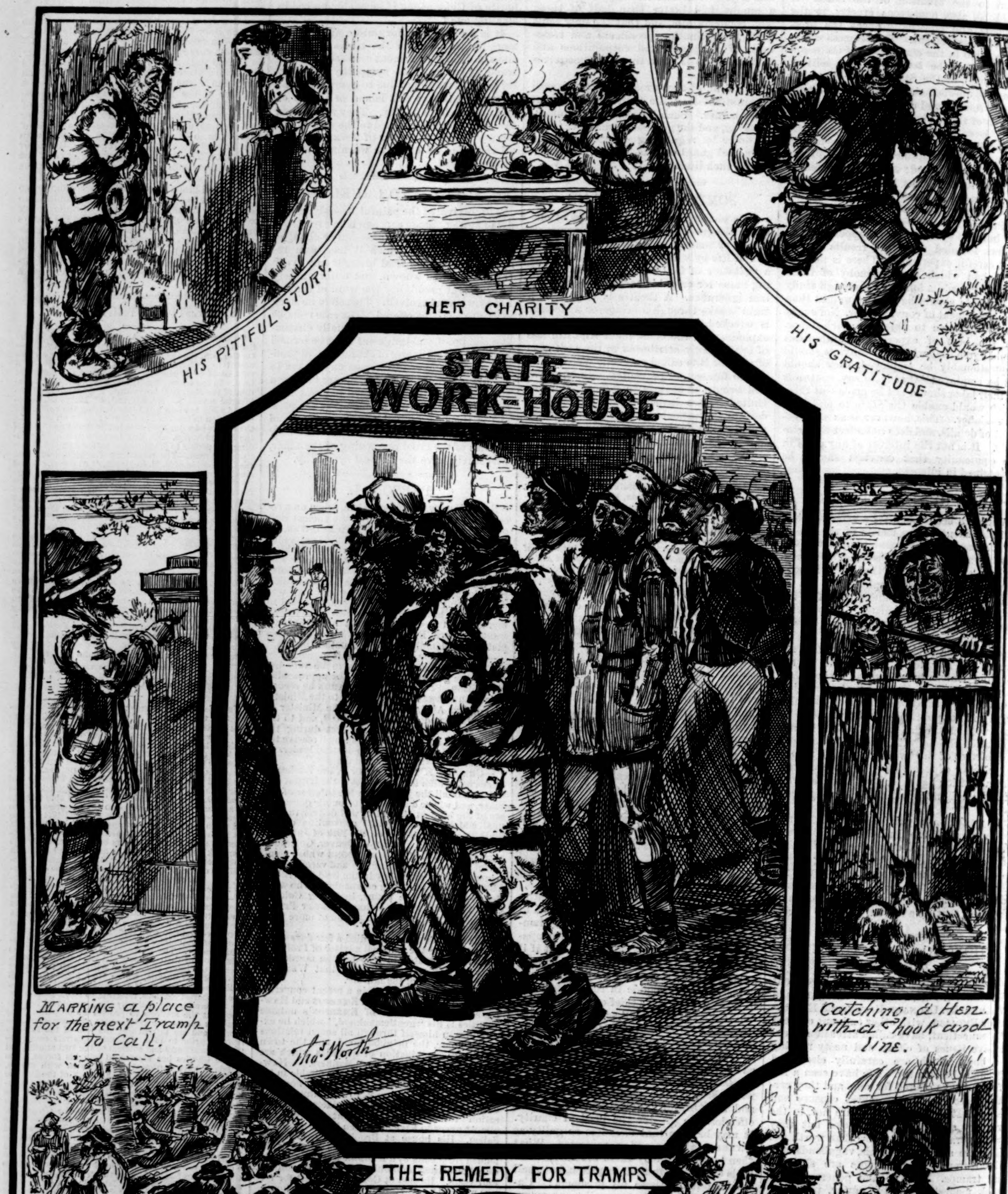
FOREIGN NEWS.

The Eastern Question: The latest official statement of the condition of affairs is that of Sir Stafford Northcote, made in the House of Commons, April 16. He said: "The situation is an anxious one, but nothing has occurred to aggravate it or to diminish the hope of a satisfactory arrangement. Nothing justifies the assertion that England will be isolated. A circular is expected from Turkey to the powers. There is a good prospect of an arrangement in Thessaly and Epirus through the good offices of England." The London *Echo* of April 18 says: "We are able to state on authority that invitations to the Congress will be issued to-night. The treaties of 1856 and 1871 will be laid upon the table and compared with the treaty of San Stefano." The *Central News* says: "We are enabled to state that the powers have agreed to Prince Bismarck's suggestion that the ambassadors at Berlin should hold a Conference to arrange the course of proceedings of the proposed Congress, the time of meeting, etc. The respective governments have been formally requested to instruct their ambassadors accordingly."—A semi-official dispatch from Calcutta, on the 17th, reports that the Indian government has received orders to send troops to Malta.—The situation in Roumania is reported as follows: The Russians claim that the military convention with Roumania, which gives them control of communications, does not terminate till definitive peace. The Roumanians, alarmed about the occupation of their country and the possibility of an attempt to disarm them, have withdrawn their army into Little Wallachia, where they boast they will make another Plevna if the Russians attack them. The Bucharest journals, referring to the Russian seizure of ammunition, ask why the government has not troops at the stations to protect its property. The Russians occupy the greater part of Roumanian Bessarabia, and are intrenching the line of the Russian frontier prior to 1856. Constant quarrels occur between the officers and soldiers of the two armies, and Prince Charles has started to join his forces. The Russians have stationed vessels laden with stones, ready to again close the Sulina mouth of the Danube if necessary. On the 17th, in the Roumanian Chamber, the Minister of Foreign Affairs confirmed the statement that the army would not allow itself to be disarmed, and had withdrawn to the Carpathian Mountains to avoid collision with the Russians. The commandant of a Russian division near Bucharest had informed the government that his troops would remain until they returned to Russia. The cabinet had asked Russia for explanations.—The Porte has issued a circular to its representatives abroad. It recognizes the Treaty of San Stefano as the result of the reverses sustained by Turkey in the late war, and expresses a determination to carry out loyally the terms of the treaty, but declares that the Porte would nevertheless regard as opportune any modifications which might be made by the benevolent intervention of the powers and the moderation of Russia. The circular concludes by stating that, whatever may be the issue of the present negotiations, the Porte pledges itself to carry out the projected reforms.—The crisis in the Turkish cabinet has resulted in a change of ministry. Ahmed Vefyk, President of the Council of Ministers, has been dismissed, and Sadyk Pasha has been appointed in his place, and Mollah Bey is Sheik-ul-Islam. Safvet Pasha is Minister of Foreign Affairs, Izzet Pasha Minister of War, Ibrahim Pasha Minister of Marine, and Kiani Pasha Minister of Finance.—The Grand Duke Nicholas returns to St. Petersburg, and General Todleben goes to San Stefano to assume the chief command. This is considered a conciliatory step.—Queen Victoria, April 18, issued a proclamation forbidding the exportation of torpedoes.—Lord Derby has given offense at Vienna by remarking that in consequence of the number of Sclavs in the Austrian army it could not be trusted to fight against the Russians.

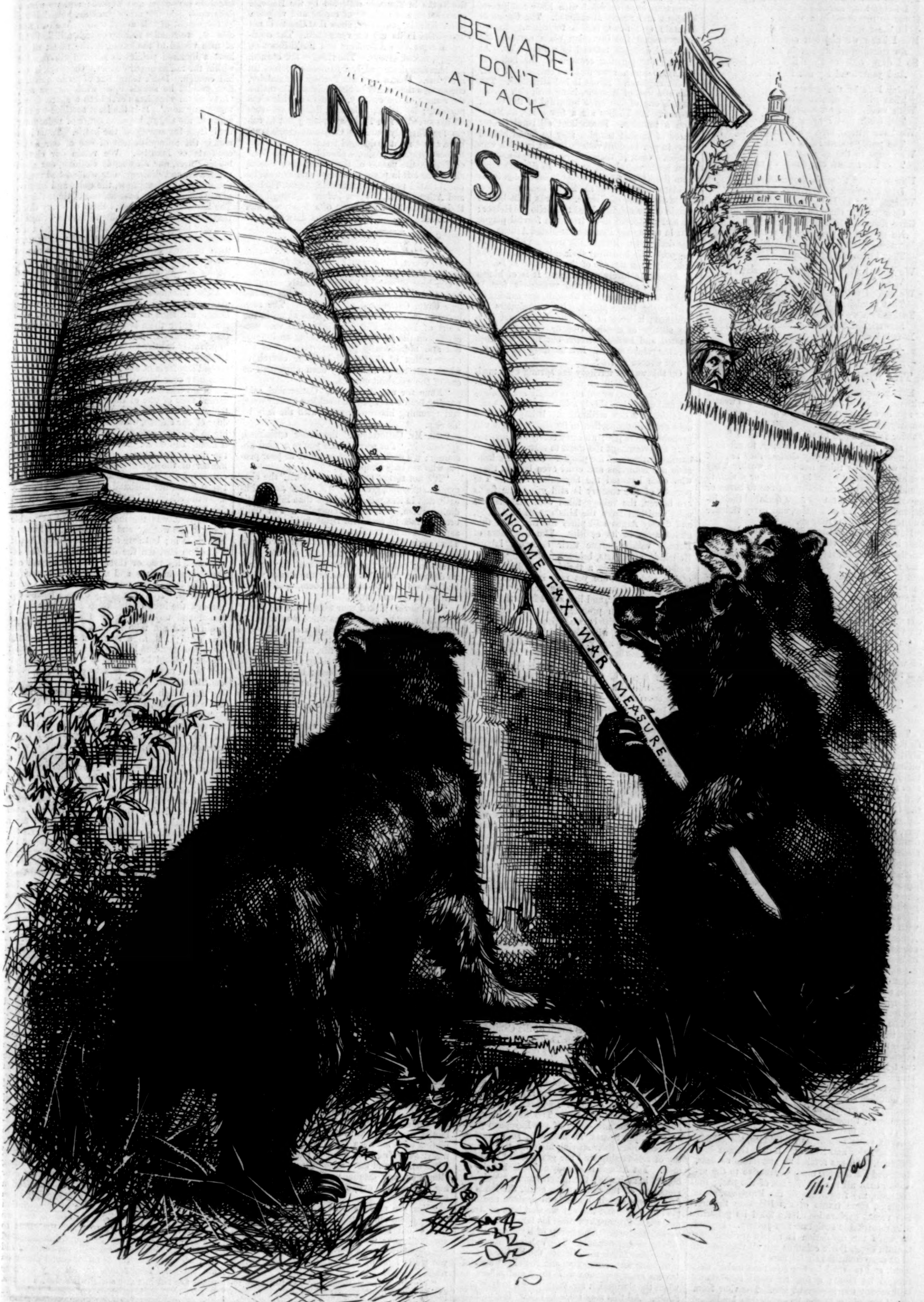
The refusal of the cotton masters at Manchester, England, April 16, to agree to a five per cent. reduction, and their resolution in regard to a lock-out, threaten a struggle which will involve the stoppage of over 200,000 looms and 6,000,000 spindles, and throw 120,000 operatives into idleness.

The thirty-fifth boat-race between the Oxford and Cambridge University crews took place on the Thames April 13. The Oxfords won for the eighteenth time.

Switzerland has accepted the proposal of the United States to participate in the International Congress to fix the relative values of gold and silver.


HIS PITIFUL STORY.
HER CHARITY
HIS GRATITUDE
STATE WORK-HOUSE
Thos Worth
Marking a place for the next Tramp to Call.
Catching a Hen with a hook and line.
THE REMEDY FOR TRAMPS
Tramps resting in the woods
READY TO AID A RIOT OR A STRIKE
How They burn The barns up.

TRAMPS AND THEIR WAYS.—DRAWN BY THOS. WORTH.—[SEE PAGE 350.]


BEWARE!
DON'T
ATTACK
INDUSTRY
INCOME TAX-WAR MEASURE
Th: Nast.

THE TRAMP PERIOD.

THE BIRTHRIGHT.

I think that I met you, sweetheart,
  I fancy the "might have been"
Came to me there in a vision
  In the midst of that giddy scene;
But I knew we had lost our birthright
  As worshippers at Love's shrine,
So I drew you not from the dance, love,
  And your hand lay not in mine.

To-day I lie by the waters
  That with mystical music tell
With words that no mortal utters
  The truth that I know so well.
We have parted, love, with our birthright;
  The pottage that Esau bought
Was pure, to the gaudy trappings
  That have worn our souls to naught.

Upward away through the ether
  I look toward heaven above,
Whence God in His infinite goodness
  Gave to His children Love—
Gave them as their best birthright
  No portion of power or pelf,
But the joy of the soul's surrender
  That in loving loses itself.

We played with the wondrous garland;
  We lost the halo of youth;
We smiled with a fickle brightness
  That tarnished the glow of truth.
To Fashion we sold our birthright;
  She tricked it with hot-house flowers;
It faded amid the gas-light,
  And perished in midnight hours.

TRAMPS AND THEIR WAYS.

Every summer the tramp question comes up with renewed interest. The moment warm weather sets in, and the roads become fit for travel, the country swarms with idle, desperate men, who wander from village to village, infest the fields, beg, steal, and even commit murder, to get food and money and the scanty clothes they require. They will do any thing but honest work. They are always ready to join in a strike or a riot, to plunder a lonely farm-house, set fire to barns or hay-stacks—in short, they have declared their independence of law and order, and carry violence and terror wherever they go.

How to deal with these wretches and desperadoes has become a very serious question. Their number increases every year. They are banded into societies, with secret signs and pass-words, and their nefarious organization grows stronger year by year. To protect itself society must make war upon these outlaws. The best remedy is doubtless work. Every tramp should be arrested and sentenced to some form of hard labor, and thus made to earn the bread by which he lives.

On page 348 will be found some interesting sketches illustrating the life of a tramp, the truth of which will be sorrowfully acknowledged by our readers in the country.

THE TURKS AND MODERN GREECE.

The narrative of Turkish outrages in Thessaly, on Pelion, or in the Vale of Tempe, the arming of all Greece, the cry of Macedonia, Epirus, the Thessalians, for liberty, recalls once more the misfortunes, not always undeserved, of the intellectual race that has educated Europe. No one can hear without interest and enthusiasm of the rising of the Greeks in defense of the unity of Greece. Athens, as in the days of Demosthenes, leads the way, and Sparta and Argos are joined in a new confederacy. Yet it is remarkable how little of ancient Greece appears in the modern, and how completely the hand of Time, the rage of the barbarians, have swept away the traces of that rare grace and cultivation that once reached from the fine cities of Macedon to the new capitals of the peninsula. In the age of Pericles Greece was already covered with cities and temples, crowned with the rare architectural excellence of Corinth, Athens, Delphi, Olympia; in that of Hadrian its attractions had been enlarged by all the resources of imperial Rome; under Constantine the Greek communities slumbered in the splendor of an opulent decay. But the Goth, the Hun, the Byzantine, the Venetians, the Turks, passed over the illustrious land, and left behind them an almost perfect waste.

The destruction of its antiquities, of its countless temples, theatres, works of art, is more complete than that of any other land. With the exception of Athens, Greece has little more than the faint traces of its ruins. In Rome the indestructible grandeur of its public buildings has preserved many of them from a complete decay; the Pantheon, the Colosseum, the aqueducts, the sewers, still survive in the midst of less famous fragments; through all the Roman cities of the West some magnificent amphitheatres are discovered, some fragments of bridges, the stately ruins of Arles and Nismes. But in Greece it is different. Athens retains its matchless roofless, shattered Parthenon, more instructive to the architect than all the antiquities of the past; the Theseum, the fragments of the Propylæa, some columns, some traces of the Dionysac theatre. The recent explorations have filled its galleries with remarkable sculpture and pottery. Beyond its walls the desolation is nearly perfect. At Corinth seven Doric columns are all that remain of its once countless shafts, fluted, rich with ornament, and crowned by the acanthus leaves, that formed its fame; a few thousand inhabitants still occupy the important site. The view from the Acrocorinth is the incomparable landscape of Europe; but the eye rests upon a wilderness; a pestilential vapor fills the air; disease and death assail the colonist; and Corinth, that once ruled in its magnificence over land and sea, is now a poor settlement in a scene that resembles in its loneliness the wild valleys of the Rocky Mountains and the hills of Nevada. At Delphi, the mystic and cliff-encircled vale on the side of Parnassus, once crowded with its worshippers, is silent and nearly abandoned. The Castalian fountain still flows, but is forgotten. In the Peloponnesus the Olympian plain spreads out bare and desolate, marked by a few ruins. At Mycenæ the gigantic remains of the home of the Atridæ have rewarded the curiosity of their ardent explorer. Tiryns is indestructible. The gate and wall of Messene, hung with rich shrubbery, is one of the most beautiful of the Greek remains. At Thebes are a few ruins, at Marathon a tumulus. Throughout all rural Greece traces of ancient temples may be found hidden away in groves, deep valleys, or lost in thick vegetation. One of them—a rare exception—has been preserved almost entire. It sits far away from the haunts of men in Arcadia, hidden in its desolate valley, one of the fairest and most graceful of the ruins of Greece. It was built by the people of the neighborhood to Apollo the Helper; he had protected them from the fearful plague that in the age of Pericles desolated Athens. It was designed by Ictinus, the architect of the Parthenon. The beautiful shrine, it is said, breaks suddenly upon the eye of the traveller at Bassæ, in Arcadia, a lovely apparition. It is of bluish limestone, one hundred and twenty-six feet in length and forty-eight in breadth, surrounded by thirty-eight Doric pillars. Its worshippers are vanished; it lives in its solitude; around it is the silence of death. One or two aged oaks, blasted and leafless, stretch out their branches over the ruined shrine. Is it the image of Greece; or can Greece revive?

On this wasted territory has sprung up a modern kingdom which owes little except its memories to the past, whose royal family are foreigners, and which has slowly arisen to the pains and penalties of a new civilization. It has already a debt great in proportion to its size, which it will probably never pay; an army costly and increasing; a government too weak to restrain the barbarous instincts of the people. The Greek brigands are notorious and cruel even beyond those who once haunted the Scyronian rocks. The poverty of the country is still great, the fields are barren, the valleys filled with malaria, the oaks vanished from the hills except in Arcady, and thirsty Argos still pines for the water that glides away in its cavities. The daughters of Danaus vainly pursue their ceaseless labors. Railroads, aqueducts, bridges, flourishing towns, well-cultivated fields, a thriving people, security of life and labor, are yet rare in Greece. The descendants of brave Messene or busy Thebes are few in number, and live apart from the rapid course of modern progress; and the war that seems about to arise between Greece and Turkey, however patriotic, will only tend to destroy the resources of the country. Yet it is still Greece, and if its progress has been slow in the fifty years of its freedom from the Turkish rule, it may be said to show traces of rare mental strength, and to give promise of a better future. Athens has become once more a civilized city—the seat of letters, politics, education, art. The printing-press runs incessantly in the home of Pericles. Greek newspapers are sold under the shadow of the Parthenon, and in several of their recent issues show the intense excitement of the hour. They are filled with tales of the savage barbarity of the Turks in Thessaly; they appeal to their countrymen for aid; they exclaim against the delay of vengeance. "They write from Thessaly," the *Palingenesis* of Athens relates, "that on the 16th of the month three Christian shepherds were found assassinated (δολοφονηθέντες); a young man is murdered on the road to Seki by barbarous Albanians; the Bashi-Bazouks break into the country, and commit horrible enormities." They quote anxiously the utterances of the English press (Αἱ ἀγγλιχαὶ ἐφημεριδες), and long for the moment when the troops of Greece may pass the gates of Thermopylæ. The aim of these Greek patriots is to unite the Greek race in a single nation, to give freedom to the islands, to Thessaly, Epirus, and Macedonia, and possibly to revive the Greek supremacy in the ancient capital of Constantine. Constantinople as a Greek city, it is said, might revive the trade of the East, awaken a new progress, spread Greek letters and cultivation over the barbarians of Thessaly and the brigands of Albania.

But probably the hopes of the Athenian politicians are more modest; Athens would be satisfied to rule over all the lands south of the Cambunian range. It longs chiefly for Thessaly. At present the kingdom of Greece controls only a small part of the Greek people and territory; its population is about 1,500,000; its expenditures greater than its income; its exports chiefly currants, some honey, olive-oil, and cotton. Its king, George I., is a son of the King of Denmark; its queen, Olga, a Russian princess. The little kingdom lives under the protection of the European powers; Athens, Sparta, Thebes, once so powerful, rest only upon their stirring histories, the sympathy of scholarship, and the gratitude of civilized men. Yet Athens is already a flourishing city of 50,000 inhabitants; the mineral and agricultural resources of the country are great, the lands of fair Messene might be made to produce unexampled harvests, and the well-wooded hills of Arcadia, where Philopœmen tilled his farm, are rich in varied treasures. The honey of Hymettus might still be made profitable. The Vale of Tempe may yet become fairer than before, the harbor of Corinth teem with commerce, and the silent seas of Greece grow populous with ships and sailors, as when the Corinthian sea-kings traded to Italy and Spain. All this may come in time. But nations are not made or revived in a day. It must be many generations before the brilliant Greeks will be able to rule with success over a wide domain, or to form a part of that republic of nations that may in the twentieth century spread the dominion of Greek thought and freedom over Europe. Greece must still be content to rule by its ideas.

Yet the recent reports of savage cruelties of the Turks in Thessaly collected by the Hellenic committees, and the acts of rapine and violence, never denied or punished, show that Greece is not unjustified in its cry for vengeance. The country swarms with Albanians and Bashi-Bazouks, hungry, naked, savage. The villages are burned, the harvests destroyed, and nameless horrors fill every ear. Osman Bey, the Turkish commander, encourages the cruelty of his soldiers. He makes the rounds of the country, murders the harmless peasants; he licked, it is said, their blood from off his sword. The Turks are plainly not fit rulers for Thessaly, and its Christian inhabitants have a just right to demand freedom from a barbarous tyranny. Athens should hold the Vale of Tempe, the passes of the mountains; Greece should be left in peace to educate and restrain its uncultivated people; and Sparta, Argos, Thebes, and Athens unite, if never before, in bringing to their citizens the advantages of a free press and a free school.

Eugene Lawrence.

THE PERVADING POISON.

"No claret, Cattermoul? My good fellow, try it. There's no punishment in a pipe of it. Try it."

Our host Sibwright looked seriously vexed, as he leaned forward to remonstrate with his old college chum Cattermoul of Magdalen. The men had just crossed each other's paths again in the whirl of London life, Sibwright, who was successful on the Stock-Exchange, being an influential and munificently generous member of the congregation of St. Gengulphus, the church to which Cattermoul had lately been appointed as one of the assistant curates.

"None for me, thank you," Cattermoul said, passing both claret jug and subject quietly over, and resuming his conversation with the lady by his side.

"Oh, Mr. Cattermoul!" the latter exclaimed, appealingly, "I'm sorry to see you're a total abstainer; it's such a reproof to all of us poor people who are *only* temperate!"

"It's not meant to touch you at all," the clergyman answered, gravely. "My lines are habitually cast in less pleasant places than Sibwright's dining-room, you must remember. I'm daily brought face to face with Drink in his diabolical aspect, not in his merely social and convivial one." Then again Cattermoul made an effort to change the subject by resuming the topic he had been discussing before the claret passed, for he had no desire to thrust his views, or the abuses which had caused him to entertain them, upon the attention of the company.

"You never shirked your wine in the old days," Sibwright put in as soon as there was a pause. "This temperance movement is a sort of social wet blanket. I'm a moderate man myself, never took a drop too much in my life, and have, I hope, a gentleman's horror of any thing approaching to ungentlemanly excess in others; but I say when a fellow has worked hard all day, and tasted nothing stronger than his coffee at breakfast, he's justified in taking a few glasses of sound wine at his seven-o'clock dinner."

His speech savored of the nature of a challenge, and Cattermoul answered it: "I think you are fully justified."

"And why not you, then?" Sibwright rejoins, heartily. "You work equally hard, you poor good fellow, in what Heaven knows must be a grindingly monotonous and soul-sickening field. You want a little glow thrown over the sad gray page that is your daily reading."

"Perhaps if the page opened itself before you as it has before me since I've been at St. Gengulphus's," Cattermoul answered, "you'd decipher that it is so sad and gray by reason of that very drink that is so harmless to us. I didn't want to drag the topic forward at your table, Sibwright; but since you compel me to speak about it, I'll say this: One walk through either of those streets that lie like net-work round our church would teach any one with moderate perceptions the reason why we whose province it is to try and purify these purlieus should be able to speak with the power and authority of abstainers to the wrecked beer and gin sodden men and women who are falling daily about us. The sun has no chance of penetrating through their dirt-begrimed windows; the fresh air faints away at their fever-charged portals; their rags will not bear removal for washing from the forms that are so ill-covered by them; the filthy food that they set in unsightly disorder before themselves fails to tempt their starvation-jaded appetites. And for all these woes they have to thank gin and beer; and for a panacea for these woes they fly to gin and beer. The two fluids have combined to make such an ocean of misery as is sufficient to ingulf and destroy a more powerful people than ours."

Cattermoul checked himself here, and, with a half smile, apologized for his long speech. "The fact is, when I am away from the actual contemplation of it all for a few hours, I would rather put it away from my mind if I could," he said. "The sorrow and the shame of it would crush us altogether, and disable us for the work of trying to check the evil, if we were always dwelling upon it."

"Yes, you parsons must see strange things if you go about among the poor," one of the guests said; "but I thought you St. Gengulphus men spent all your time in arranging and carrying out singularly ornate and beautiful services. Do you really hunt up every distressing case within reach?"

"We don't 'hunt them up,'" Cattermoul replied; "they line our paths. We strive to save to the best of our ability; we try to dispense our splendid parochial charities liberally, and at the same time with discretion; but daily and hourly poverty and drink recruit the ranks of the destitute, and drink-shaken hands clutch at us despairingly, and hoarse voices crave for more help than we can give. The men are brutalized; the women are unsexed; the little children are prematurely care-worn and wicked; and we whose daily work is in this atmosphere are bowed down by the weight of this awful truth. We can not clear it; we stand a solitary church, a little band of men vowed to the cause, in the midst of at least a hundred public-houses and gin-palaces within the radius of our district. Our work is up-hill enough. Don't tempt one of us to quit the firm ground he stands upon while he can say, 'I, to whom wine has never been a snare, drink water only now.' It is the least sacrifice we can make in the almost hopeless cause of redeeming them from the slavery of the bottle. To us it is merely the relinquishment of one of our many comforts or luxuries. We retain our clearly burning fires, our seasonable clothing, our good ventilation and drainage, our well-cooked meals, the order and cleanliness, the quiet and beauty, of our homes. They have not one of these things. The bottle that has robbed them of every thing that can make life endurable to human beings is the only thing that can make them forget their losses for a time. Cold, want, and penury urge them to drink whenever and by whatever means drink may be obtained. And in return for seeking his aid, Drink doubles their cold, want, and penury the instant his stultifying effects are over. I know workmen now, even artisans who are making two and three pounds a week, whose homes are such haunts of vermin and of vice that to enter them is to take up a heavy cross. Only yesterday I was called by a Sister of Mercy to privately baptize an infant in my district, and I came upon a scene of home-drinking that has robbed any form of alcohol of any seductive power it may ever have held for me for the remainder of my life. The orgie was being held on the second floor of one of those large houses in Cartenham Street, not a hundred yards from the door of our church, where a priest is always waiting to hear any case of distress, and to relieve it, if money can do so. It was not three o'clock in the day, and the heart-sick, temporarily sobered mother of the dying child was crouching in a corner of the inner room *on the floor*, for, between them, her husband and herself had drunk away the chairs and tables. Her "good man had drink-taken, early that morning," she informed me, as if it was the most usual and excusable thing in the world, "and two or three of his pals had come in; but sure *they wouldn't mind me*, if I liked to christen the dear child." So the father and his two or three pals hiccoughed out their obscene oaths and songs, while I received the child into Christ's flock, and saw God take it to Himself. By virtue of my office, I passed out through the herd of drink-maddened logs unmolested and unjeered at, for the father's dulled brain could not take in the idea that his child was dead; but, as a rule, a man who shrinks from foul-mouthed insult at least, if not personal violence, would be careful how he caught himself in the meshes of the net-work of streets that constitutes our district."

"And which class of the poor drinks the most?" some one asked, anxiously.

"Every class, as far as my experience goes," Cattermoul answered, decidedly. "Those who are in full work, and in receipt of good pay, try to prematurely force the inevitable rainy day apparently by drinking beer freely, to 'keep up their strength,' as they call it. Those who are out of work spend the money charity doles out to them in gin, because gin—or the filthy fiery fluid that is sold under its name—clouds the brain more quickly, and they sink down in the midst of their squalor and dirt oblivious of it all for a time. The decayed gentleman or lady who is tottering toward the work-house drinks to forget the 'better days' he or she misused. The working husband drinks to drown his annoyance at the untidy house and slatternly wife. The slatternly wife drinks to drug her fears of the wrath of her husband. The newly made wife drinks because the only idea those who are celebrating her wedding have of being festive is to render themselves idiotic or insensible. The newly made widow drinks because the end on earth has come of the dissolute scamp she loved before he became a drunkard. Do you wonder at our renouncing the wine, in which there is no punishment to us, Sibwright, when we see to what depths wine's representatives drag our fellows on a lower level?"

"But temperance, surely temperance, would meet the evil as well as total abstinence, Mr. Cattermoul?"

"My dear madam, we are all temperate, and our example fails to make them so. What is the use of my telling a wavering drunkard that I take nothing after my excellent breakfast diluted with coffee until I sit down at seven to a good dinner, at which I drink a couple of glasses of sherry and one or two of claret? He glares at me, and tells me, truly enough, that if he had the warming, nourishing breakfast and the excellent seven-o'clock dinner, he too would abstain from the nauseous 'threepen'orths' of gin, by means of which he has vainly sought to stay his fainting stomach during the day. It is only by telling these men that nothing stronger than water ever passes your own lips that you can command a hearing from them. It is only by showing them that, however heavy the burden of renunciation may be, you too are willing to bear it, that we can hope to incite them to make the effort to lift it up. Could I go to the drink-desolated home and point my moral with the odors of old port about me, or the flavor of sound claret on my palate? Temperance for all of you whose paths are not in these social wilds, by all means. But for us there is no chance of victory unless we put on the armor of total abstinence. Until a paternal government arises to legislate for the drunkard, it is the bounden duty of the priests of the Church of England to set him an example of total abstinence. When the day dawns, as it will, when the sale of alcoholic drinks to paupers without a medical certificate becomes criminal, then, Sibwright, I'll test the qualities of your claret undismayed by the reflection that I'm putting that most fatal of all lures, a pleasing precedent, in a weak brother's path."

"I'd clap every drunkard into an inebriate asylum, and keep the brutes there till reason resumed its sway and taught them that they could do without drink," a young doctor from one of our leading hospitals exclaimed. "The demon hasn't got hold of the class you were speaking of only, Mr. Cattermoul; I track the mark of the beast clearly in many a middle and upper class circle. Half the weakness, half the *ennui*, half the mystical pains and aches that our lady patients call upon us to combat, take their rise in the brandy bottle. They are so confoundedly idle, a great many of them, that when they come out of their rooms after their elaborate two-hour morning toilet, they have time to think 'they're sinking,' and require a little stimulant. Let them sink, I say, for their swimming is at the cost of their health and their peace of mind, and their husbands' honor and happiness very often. There's no hope for a woman who falls back upon a nip of brandy before twelve o'clock in the day. It raises her spirits for a time, then becomes insufficient, and she has to increase the dose, and the effect of the increased dose wears off and has to be strengthened. And then the husband gets frightened about the languid fool, and we are called in, and spot the cause at once. If we are honest we not only tell her but we tell *him* the truth, and the home supply of brandy is stopped. But what is the good of that precaution while the grocers advertise it with glaring labels in every thoroughfare? Madame can take it home with impunity in her brougham. Who dares to question the contents of her carriage bag? And then on the top of her surreptitious nips of brandy she pours down sherry with her soup, and Rhenish or Champagne with her *entrées* and roast. Nor does she forget that her husband and brothers have their soda and brandy at ten o'clock in the billiard-room, about which time she favors them with her society, and indicates with marked force that she requires a 'pick-me-up' before she retires to rest. I tell you, Sir, that if drunkenness is the curse of the lower orders, drinking without getting drunk is becoming a snare to the upper ones. The husband of the woman who 'nips' in high life has no greater security than the veriest clod that his home may not be made a hell upon earth to him at any moment. For though she hasn't the temptation to pawn the chairs and tables that you spoke of just now, he may find her utterance thick at the dinner table, and her brain too obscured to be able to receive or retain any impression on the subject of the most vital current importance. 'We are all temperate,' as Mr. Cattermoul said just now; but honor to the men to whom drink is no snare, and who yet totally abstain from it, in order that they may the more surely and steadily strike at the roots of the cursed mischief that it does!"

He ceased speaking, and Sibwright gave the signal for the move into the drawing-room.

"Hearing what I've heard to-night has robbed the claret of its flavor and aroma," he said to Cattermoul; "but if I had to go out and face the facts for nine or ten hours every day of my life, as you have to do, I think I should give myself the right to say what you can say when you pick a fallen drunkard out of his slough of despond: 'For your sake, and the sake of those who are like you, I have given up tasting the wine which only cheered and never inebriated me.'"

SCIENTIFIC INTELLIGENCE.

Mr. Lugger, the curator of the Maryland Academy of Sciences, left Baltimore on the 4th of April for the purpose of prosecuting explorations in the West Indies and in Demarara in behalf of the Academy. Free passage was furnished him by Messrs. Perot & Stewart, of Baltimore, in aid of his enterprise. In the course of his mission he will endeavor to procure living plants for the conservatory of Druid Hill Park and material for the zoological investigations of the Johns Hopkins University.

Dr. Joseph Henry Corbett, formerly Professor of Anatomy and Physiology in the University of Dublin, died in March.

The report of Mr. Conklin, director of the Central Park Menagerie, for the year 1877, shows that 147 mammals and 169 birds were added during the year, the total number exhibited being 942. The most important elements of increase consisted in a pair of guanacos, three polar bears, and one pair of brown hyenas. A table shows the amount expended for the purchase of animals in seven years, this being $4730 in 1876, and $25 in 1877!

The total expenditures of all kinds for the year amounted to $11,336—a decrease of about $4000 as compared with 1876.

Mr. Conklin refers to an experiment of the Acclimatation Society of New York in setting at liberty in the Park during the summer a number of starlings, *Sturnus vulgaris*. These birds remained until late in the fall, when they flew away, some taking up their residence in New Jersey. It is believed they will return in the spring.

Reference is made to the diminution of native birds around the Park, this being due, as is suggested, to the rapid building up of the city in the vicinity.

A number of English pheasants have been liberated in the Park, where it is hoped they will soon multiply.

The offer for sale of the collection of shells of Dr. P. P. Carpenter, of Montreal, furnishes an excellent opportunity for procuring many rare species. The opportunities of Dr. Carpenter for making this collection of desirable specimens were very great, especially from the great Reigan collection of Mazatlan shells, which he purchased many years ago, and after investigation deposited duplicate series in several museums in Europe and America. The collection embraces about 4000 species and varieties, for the most part original types. The collection is deposited for the present in the museum of M'Gill College, Montreal.

The zoological station at Naples continues its efforts for the advancement of science in furnishing opportunities both to students and specialists. We have already referred to the proposed exhaustive work, the *Fauna and Flora of the Gulf of Naples and the Neighboring Seas*, several monographs toward which have been already completed.

Constant use has been made of a small steam-launch presented to the station by the Berlin Academy of Sciences in exchange for a working table in the laboratory, to be at the disposal of the Academy for ten years.

Colasanti states that he has immersed hens' eggs for two hours in a mixture of ice and salt, exposing them to a temperature of 7° to 10° C., and apparently freezing them solid. They were then thawed gradually and introduced into a hatching oven, where, after a period of eight days, in every instance the normal development of the embryo was observable. It would thus appear that animal germs possess a very much greater resistance to low, and possibly to high, degrees of temperature than the animals into which they develop.

Of late there appears to have been an unusual fatality among African explorers, principally from disease and exposure. Among the last is that of Captain Elton, who was in charge of a party who started from the north end of Lake Nyassa and proceeded nearly due north to Usekhe, on the Ujiji and Zanzibar caravan road, where he died of sun-stroke.

Another death to be mentioned is that of Mr. Joachim John Monteiro, in Delagoa Bay. Mr. Monteiro was an Englishman by birth and education, and, trained as a mining geologist, spent most of his professional life in the mineral districts of Angola, as also in short explorations at various points from the Congo to Little Fish Bay. The results of his labors were published in part in a special work, although numerous contributions to the scientific journals are on record. Even as a naturalist he acquired considerable eminence, especially by the large collections of birds and other specimens of natural history, the account of which has been duly communicated to the Zoological Society of London, and elsewhere. His death took place on the 6th of January, 1878.

The March number of Petermann's *Mittheilungen* contains a map showing the probable appearance of Europe during the two ice periods, in illustration of a memoir previously published in that journal on the distribution of the sedimentary formations in Europe.

In a paper by Dude on the geographical distribution of the palm we learn that this group of plants was disseminated much more widely in the earlier geological times than at present. They first make their appearance in the cretaceous formations, but received their highest extension in Europe at the middle of the tertiary. In America also they occurred far beyond their present limits.

Dr. Frederick Kampf, who has been the astronomer of Lieutenant Wheeler's exploring expedition, died in Washington on the 30th of March, at the age of thirty-six. Dr. Kampf was educated at Bonn, where he became a proficient in geodetic and astronomical study. He emigrated to the United States in 1870, and secured a position in connection with the United States Coast Survey until 1873, when he joined the party of Lieutenant Wheeler as already mentioned. He promised to attain to much distinction as an astronomer and observer, and his untimely death is much to be lamented.

In *Blackwood's Magazine* for March is a temperate and well-written article on the North American Fisheries and the Halifax Commission, giving the English side of the question generally, and all the points at issue between Great Britain and the United States. It is apparently from the pen of Professor H. Y. Hind, of Windsor, Nova Scotia, who was the scientific expert on the British side, and an attendant on the deliberations of the Convention.

The Second Annual Report of the State Geographical and Topographical Survey of New York, in charge of Mr. James T. Gardner, gives an account of the labors of the commission during the year. The necessity for such a survey was well expressed by the director of the Dudley Observatory, in stating that we have a better topographical map of the surface of the moon than of the State of New York. The importance of this subject had been pressed for several years, and culminated in the appointment of a commission of eminent citizens to prepare a plan and cause it to be executed as rapidly as the appropriations would permit. They made an excellent choice of director in the person of Mr. Gardner, a gentleman of wide experience in such matters, gained principally while connected with the surveys of Mr. Clarence King and Dr. Hayden.

The principal work of the year has been the precise determination by primary triangulation of points in eleven counties, embracing an area of about 3000 square miles; 167 points were located in an area of 1700 miles in seven counties alone: the average has been one to every ten square miles. Fifty-one monuments have been placed in defining the boundaries of counties, this being a very important part of the work of the survey. The errors of many positions on the map of Schoharie County are shown, these being situated, for the most part, from two to nearly 6000 feet out of the proper place. The report is accompanied by several maps, showing the progress of the work, the position of the stations, etc.

Mr. Homer F. Bassett, of the Bronson Library, Waterbury, Connecticut, has issued a circular announcing that, having made the galls and gall insects of North America a subject of study for many years, he is about preparing a monograph of the hymenopterous species especially, and invites the transmission of specimens. The galls, he states, are most prolific upon the oaks, not less than eighty species and varieties being known; the hickories, roses, blackberries, and other plants contribute one or more species. Special instructions will be furnished by him for collecting and transmitting these eggs. It is of course very desirable that the plant upon which the galls are found should be identified, either by the determination of its species or by the transmission of enough of the leaves, fruit, and flowers with the galls themselves. Mr. Bassett offers to return the names of any specimens that may be sent him.

A valuable contribution to science is furnished in a memoir on the spawning and development of the German herring in the East Sea, by Dr. Kupffer. The paper is accompanied by numerous diagrams showing the appearance of the embryo in various stages of development. The phenomena indicated are in general the same as have been observed in the case of the American herring, which is, indeed, so closely related as to be scarcely separable as a variety.

An interesting fact is mentioned in a comparison of the spring herring with those of autumn, that the eggs of the latter, with a colder temperature, 9° to 11° C., and in water of a salinity of about two per cent., developed in the same period and with the presentation of the same simultaneous and successive phenomena as the eggs of the spring herring of the Schlei district, and which are subjected to a temperature of 14° to 20° C., and in water of only five per cent. salinity. The period of development in both cases was about seven days, a few appearing before and a few after that period.

HOME AND FOREIGN GOSSIP.

Details have been received from Cyprus concerning the burning of the Austrian Lloyd's steamer *Sphinx*, near Cape Elia, early in March. By this catastrophe five hundred Circassians lost their lives. The *Sphinx* was on her way from Cavalla to Lattachia, with about three thousand Circassian refugees on board. On March 5 the ship became unmanageable, and a heavy sea washed forty refugees from the forecastle. The captain could not put back to Alexandretta on account of the hatches being open, and the fear that the sea would fill the hold, the Circassians not allowing the hatches to be closed lest they be suffocated. Early in the evening smoke was seen coming from the fore hatch, the fire having doubtless originated from the upsetting of one of the stoves used by the Circassians for warmth and cooking. A heavy sea drove the *Sphinx* on the coast, and she sprang a leak. It was impossible to work the engines, the fire increased, and all efforts to extinguish it were in vain. The cries of the refugees are reported to have been terrible. When it was plain that the fire could not be quelled, it is stated that "the hatches were closed, with the consent of the Circassians," although whether this consent refers to the victims or those who were saved is not apparent. On March 6 the surviving emigrants were landed, upward of five hundred having been sacrificed to save the others. The captain and crew fled from the wreck, as the surviving Circassians threatened to murder them.

Of the 86,000 meters of space allotted to foreign countries in the Paris Exhibition, England has 22,000, Austria 9600, Belgium 9500, and the United States 500. There will be no postponement of the date of opening, but it is doubtful if every thing is in order before the 1st of June.

The books and prints which belonged to Cruikshank are to be sold during April, and his drawings in May. Among his sketches are the original designs for the famous illustrations to *Oliver Twist*. His plate, china, and other household effects, with a proportion of his books, pictures, etc., go to his widow.

Since the loss of the *Eurydice* it has been stated as a fact that not more than fifteen per cent. of English sailors can swim at all, and even many of those are very poor swimmers. This is certainly a strange statement.

It is proposed to build a bridge connecting the two banks of the Thames in the vicinity of the Tower. The plan is to construct the bridge in one immense span, clearing the water at such an altitude that three-fourths of the masted vessels will be able to pass under without difficulty, while the remainder will merely need to lower their topmasts.

A model of the New York Post-office will be sent to the Paris Exposition. It was built from the plans, and contains 284,000 pieces. It occupied the time of one man, working six hours a day, for six years to complete it.

The capture of a "black baby whale" off the coast of Connecticut, near Bridgeport, caused quite a sensation when it was placed on exhibition in that city. It is eleven feet long, and weighed one thousand pounds. It will probably become an inmate of the New York Aquarium.

An Artesian well in process of boring in Charleston, South Carolina, promises to give an abundant supply of water to the inhabitants of that city.

Unsergehausnekeiteitigenfernstehauphfteichtaunsgesprecher. This, on the unimpeachable authority of a learned exchange, is the name of the phonograph in German. It is further remarked that when you wind that name on the cylinder, leave it until it gets cold, and then grind it out, it usually tears the machine to pieces, and strikes the house with lightning.

Although as yet there has been no glimpse of it, a rumor in Paris informs the public that among the jewels lent by Queen Victoria to the Exhibition the world-famed diamond Koh-i-noor forms the centre of a diadem composed of eighty-six enormous gems. The Kaudavassy, formerly one of the eyes of an Indian goddess, valued at £120,000, and which has only lately come into the possession of her Majesty, is the centre of another diadem. An emerald necklace, said to be the finest in the world, is also among these jewels.

It is strange that so many people can not be made to realize that, in matters pertaining to health, what is safe and well for one person may be ruinous to another. In regard to diet, it is frequently an absolute truth that "what is one man's meat is another man's poison." The same principle is true respecting exercise, clothing, bathing, and numerous habits of life; and it is folly for a person to conclude that because a friend is benefited by, or endures, a certain course of treatment, that he himself may safely adopt it. Each one needs to study his own constitution, and to follow such hygienic practices as are found to best suit it. Inflexible rules persisted in for the purpose of "hardening the constitution" have killed many a tender child and delicate invalid.

The mingled blessings and perils of spring are poetically presented by an exchange as follows:

> "Welcome, season of string beans,
> Lettuce, dandelion greens,
> Radishes and juicy beets,
> New-laid eggs and fresh-born meats!
> Welcome, season of delights,
> Balmy days and breezy nights!
> Welcome, hale and hearty chills,
> Doctors' physic, doctors' bills!"

At Clarksville, the principal tobacco market of Tennessee, fifty-seven houses were recently burned in the most prominent part of the city. The fire was evidently the work of an incendiary.

There recently arrived at the New York Aquarium an orang-outang and four chimpanzees, after a journey of more than seven months, from the wilds of Africa. It is said that they were received with indications of jealousy by the chimpanzee who was left solitary in the Aquarium a month or two ago by the death of his companion. The new arrivals are older than the first specimens brought to this country, the oldest being nine years old, and his comrades five. The orang-outang is exceedingly fierce as compared with the docile chimpanzees.

Extensive preparations are being made to meet the great increase of traffic which is expected this year between France and England in consequence of the Exhibition.

Many Russian officers wear bullet-proof cuirasses underneath their coats. Some of these guard the chest only, others protect also the stomach. In addition a band of the cuirass material is worn within the lining of the cap.

The Japanese Department at the Paris Exposition will undoubtedly be very attractive. The department will be under the charge of M. Maéda, a gentleman of culture and enterprise. The exhibition will represent the best work of four-and-twenty of the most influential companies engaged in the bronze, lacquer, and china manufactures of Japan, and will include a show of Japanese trees and flowers, which have all arrived in excellent condition, and have been unpacked and transplanted by gardeners brought over from Japan by M. Maéda. Besides this, the best specimens of the Japanese museums will be exhibited.

An exchange makes this pathetic appeal:

> "Iceman, spare our purse;
> Raise not your prices higher:
> You're making matters worse,
> Thus freezing out each buyer."

No winter so cold as the last has been known in Northern China for nearly twenty years. The severity of the weather has greatly intensified the sufferings of the people in some of the famine-stricken provinces. Even as far south as Shanghai the thermometer has been for a long time during the season ten or more degrees below freezing-point at night.

Among the bequests of the composer Rossini are two annual prizes, each of 3000 francs ($600), one to be given to the author of the musical composition, lyrical or religious, which shall most abound in melody, and the other to the writer of the most fitting words to it in prose or verse.

When using the eyes continuously the room should be cool and the feet warm; there should be plenty of light, but it should not come from the front of us, nor should the sun shine directly upon the object upon which we are working. The page or other object should be as nearly as possible perpendicular to the line of sight, and not less than fifteen inches from the eye. It is unwise to read or write before breakfast by artificial light, or to read lying down. Using the eyes at twilight or when one is debilitated by recent illness should be especially avoided. When the eyes are used for a long time continuously or in the examination of minute objects, it is indispensable that short intervals of rest should be given to them.

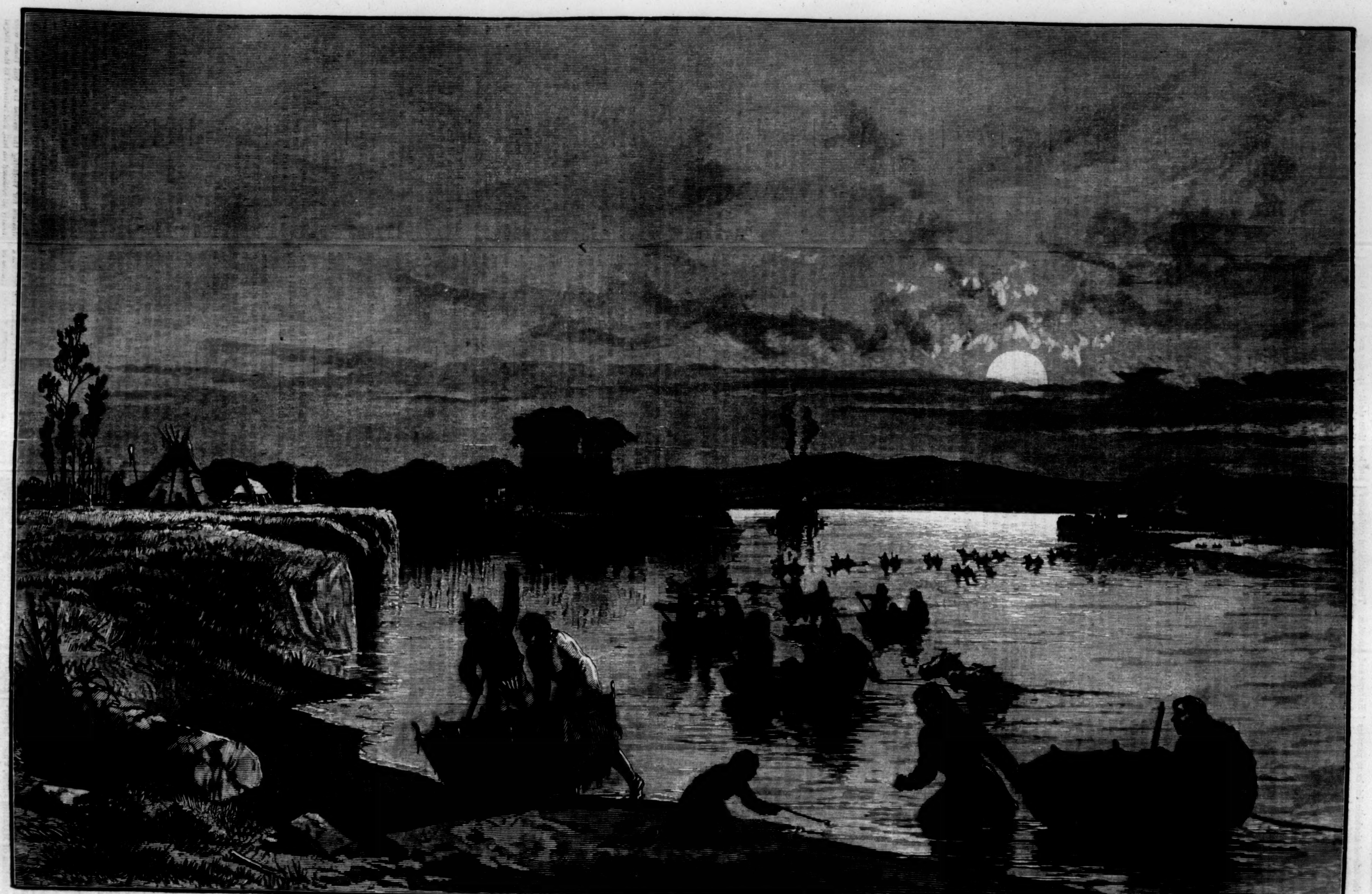
Attention is being directed about this time to the artificial production of ice. Nature is uncertain in her supplies, and at the South especially a scarcity of ice is often severely felt. Various machines have been invented for the manufacture of ice, some of which have been proved to accomplish a good result. The chief points to be considered, of course, are economy in making and the production of an article equal to natural ice. In Richmond, Virginia, an extensive factory is about to be erected for the manufacture of ice by a method reported to be both novel and remunerative.

A practical joke was played in Berryville, Missouri, not long since, which was followed by fatal consequences. As a man was passing a grave-yard at midnight two men sprang from behind a monument and shouted at him. He ran home and went to bed, but was so nervous that he could not sleep, and before morning died in convulsions.

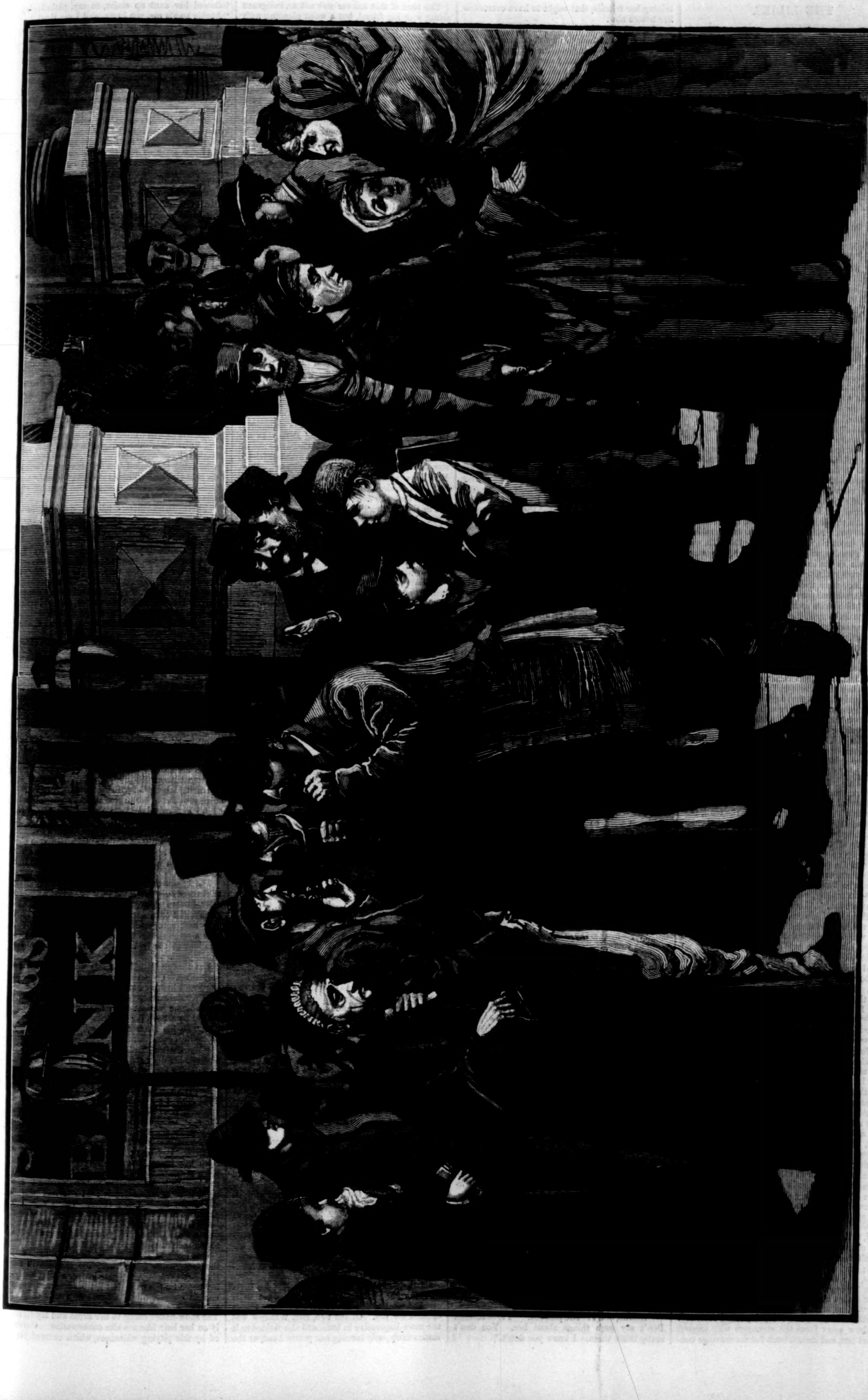
Showers of frogs, worms, fish, and the like have been reported from time to time as having astonished the residents of various sections of our country; and now, as a variety, an account comes from Raleigh, North Carolina, of a shower of pine bark. Many of the pieces of bark were of the size of a man's hand, and were seen at a great height in the air.

There are to be fourteen double stations on the Gilbert Elevated Railroad, which promise to be handsome structures.

A recent statement made by the Board of Excise shows that about one-half of the 9000 bar-rooms in this city are unlicensed. An exchange remarks that this condition of affairs has not only resulted in an open violation of law, but has greatly crippled the resources of the charitable institutions, for whose support the excise funds are set apart. The police authorities are blamed by some for the existence of so many unlicensed places. The fact that over 4000 liquor-dealers have been violating the law during the past year is severely commented upon. On the other hand, the police officials declare that they have done their duty. During the past year they arrested over 2000 liquor-dealers for violating the excise law, but these were nearly all released on bail, and returned to their illegal occupation.



REE INDIANS CROSSING THE MISSOURI IN "BULL BOATS."—Drawn by Charles Graham.—[See Page 355.]



TRUST BETRAYED—A BROKEN SAVINGS-BANK.—Drawn by S. G. McCutchin.—[See Page 353.]

THE LILIES.

SOLOMON.

"Behold the lilies, how they grow:"
Lo! he on Judah's throne
Such royal vestments could not know
As they might wear alone.
They toil not, neither do they spin,
Yet heaven's glory enters in:
No taint of earth, no shade of sin,
The holy lilies bear.

MARY.

"Behold the lilies, how they grow:"
An angel bends toward earth,
The wondrous story whispers low
Of the Messiah's birth.
The heavenly footsteps press the ground,
The Jewish maid hath favor found,
And God's own glory shines around
The holy lilies there.

EASTER.

"Behold the lilies, how they grow:"
Hid deep from human eyes,
They wait through winter's storm and snow
Until their Lord shall rise.
Then in the dim cathedral halls
Earth's blossoms line the stately walls;
The light that on the altar falls
The holy lilies share.

THE GATE-HOUSE OF ST. GEORGE.

It was noon by the tower clock—the hot, still noon of a June day. The great gates of St. George's Cemetery stood wide open. From six in the morning to six at night they were never closed, whether the snow fell or the heated air throbbed over the scorched grass.

The broad road that led through them radiated off into many smaller paths, at this time of day nearly deserted. Along one of the most exposed of these paths a lady was slowly sauntering, who appeared to be no more disturbed by the heat than if she had been some tropical flower. Her face was very dark, even to the heavy dark eyelashes and the dark shadows under the eyes. It was a peculiar face, for it had no radiance like others. All the light and heat sunk into it; none was given out. She was tall and broad-shouldered, with the carriage of one whose strength was turned inward against herself. Her eyes were cast down in listless fashion, as if there was nothing worth raising them for—neither the carefully trained trees, the sleepy flowers, nor the still white marble images under whose shadow she passed. She came at last to the junction where all the paths merged into one. Directly in front rose the great entrance gates, with their gray stone arches lifting Gothic points toward the sky. Catharine Leavitt stood still to look at them, the sun beating down upon her unprotected head as harmlessly as moonbeams. From base to topmost arch great banners of green swung to and fro, and in the many niches stray creepers from the central vine clung closely against the rough stone. Two small stone lodges stood on either side of the gate, forming the two bases of the main arch. One of these was a waiting-room for visitors; in the other, which was divided off into many tiny rooms, the gate-keeper lived. The old man was sitting in the door watching his little granddaughter at play. He was lame; his wife attended to all the active duties of his office.

Catharine's eye took in all the little details of the picture, as after her momentary pause she walked on again. The child playing in the road, the crutches leaning against the old man's chair, the few scattered people waiting in the opposite lodge—she saw all these things as one who sees them not, yet with a quiet, dreamy pleasure.

Beyond the gates the white dusty road stretched unbroken, except for one little group of black figures, who had just turned the curve and were coming on rapidly, with a rather confused and irregular motion. Another large black object was bounding along in front of them. Catharine looked at them, and fancied for a moment that they were violently gesticulating to some one. She glanced toward the gate-house, but evidently no one there could see the new-comers until they had passed under the archway. Even to wonder gave her too much trouble in her trance-like state of mind. In the act of looking back her eyes fell upon the child whose play-ground she was invading. It was directly in the path, and she turned a little to pass on one side.

A sudden rushing startled her, the air rung with warning cries. The little black group she had forgotten for a few seconds resolved itself into white, affrighted faces. The object they pursued was a gaunt wild creature, foam dropping from its mouth, madness in its eyes, that came on with fearful bounds in a direct line with the unconscious child.

Catharine's reverie broke up as thin ice breaks under a blow. There was no time to snatch the child away. She sprang in front of it with one quick, stern movement; the next second the dog swerved before the tall resolute figure, almost brushing her dress as it passed; the pursuers were all around her in wild chase. Another minute and they were rods away, and she heard the report of a pistol ring sharply on the air. Then all grew quiet, and the deep noon stillness settled back again over the marble watchers.

Catharine stood in front of the child she had saved, conscious that people were closing around her; conscious that the lame man had dragged himself nearer, and caught the little one in his arms; that a gray-haired woman was kissing her hands, her very dress, in broken blessing; conscious through it all of an intense awe at the thought that her life had been of use to any one person.

That passed, and her every-day mood returned. She drew away from the strangers who pressed around her, and looked back for the carriage containing her friends, that ought to have overtaken her before now.

"I am no coward," she said, impatiently, to one excited girl who had come out of the visitors' room. "Why do you praise me as if you thought it so strange a thing that I should not be?"

The face of a man who stood near by listening lighted up at these words, though they left her own as still and unmoved as ever.

She was very gentle to the old grandmother, did not repulse her as she did the rest. The old woman led her with shaking hands into the lodge, and begged her to wait there till her friends should come. She sat down and looked around her. The place was like a doll's house for size, picturesque with its stone window casements and diamond panes. It had an air of age, of permanency, of peace, that went to her very heart. What trouble could creep through those gates that guarded the place of rest?

The child came running up to her—the child that had played among the graves, and was not afraid of them.

"What is your name, little one?" asked Miss Leavitt, gazing intently at the small fair face.

"Isabel Bates," answered the tiny damsel, with all confidence, pulling her hand from her grandfather's to make a sly grasp at the cat's tail.

"Isabel!" repeated Catharine, with a slightly tremulous voice. "Do they ever call you Bella?"

"Grandma calls me Belle," responded Miss Isabel, turning bright, mischievous eyes up at the stranger.

"I have a friend named Isabel," said Miss Leavitt, in answer to the question in Mrs. Bates's face. "It is not a very common name, and I was surprised to hear that your little granddaughter bore it. I think that is the carriage coming now," she added, rising and looking out of the window.

"Dear lady, let me say one thing," said Mrs. Bates, gazing earnestly up into the handsome face. "You are over young and fair for trouble ever to come to the likes of you, and I pray God it never may be; but old people see hard things sometimes, and there's many a one out in the world rests less quietly than they who sleep in those graves yonder. It's a quiet place, and a holy one, though too sad for yourself, perhaps. But if ever trouble finds you out, promise me, for the child's sake, that you'll come here to us. Those who come in here leave cares behind them."

She said these last words under her breath, with a confidence pathetic in its very superstition. Catharine received this strange proposal quietly enough.

"For the child's sake I promise that I will come," she answered, looking around with a quaint, sober interest, as if she were actually considering the place as a possible refuge. "I may come soon," she added, as she saw the carriage stop under the gateway, and a face that was very dear to her look out of it.

The old woman followed her outside. "Tell me one thing more—your name," she entreated.

"My name is Catharine Leavitt," answered Catharine, turning at the carriage steps and kindly holding out her hand.

The same listener—a strong, bronze-faced man—who had stood near her before leaned eagerly forward at the name, as if he wished to catch and remember it. Then the door closed behind her, and the carriage rolled off, leaving the gate-house to the afternoon sunlight, that threw longer and longer shadows across the place of rest.

As Catharine entered the carriage, a little white fluttering creature leaned nervously forward and caught her hands. "Kathie, what was that noise? It sounded like a pistol. And, oh dear! how could you walk so far all alone? We thought you must be lost, when we got to the gates without finding you. What were you doing in that queer little house, and why did you shake hands with that old woman?"

"Too many questions, Bella," said Catharine, laughing and touching the soft girlish cheek of her friend with a tenderness she never showed to any one else. "I went into the queer little house to rest a few minutes. It was the gate-keeper's wife you saw. She has a very pretty little granddaughter—by-the-way, the child's name is the same as yours, Bella—and she has such a grandmotherly way with her that it made me feel friendly in return."

To no one, not even to her nearest friends, did she ever say a word more of the scene she had passed through. Its danger, heroism, bewildering suddenness, remained unknown to them, unsuspected by them. Whether this silence was due to pride or humility, to regard for Bella, who was easily frightened, or to her own natural reticence, was hard to tell.

"Miss Leavitt has rather democratic ideas," observed another voice from the other corner of the carriage—a cool thin voice that even in the summer heat carried with it a suggestion of icicles.

"Auntie!" said Bella, appealingly. "Kathie hasn't any ideas at all. You don't know her as well as I do."

"My dear girl," remonstrated her friend, laughing, "you are hardly more complimentary than Mrs. Winslow. I do have an idea now and then, but I usually keep it to myself."

However well deserved this reproof was, it irritated the older lady.

"Miss Leavitt, I do not doubt the truth of what you say," she answered. "If you were a little more frank, and also a little less given to making indiscriminate acquaintances, it might be better for you and for all of us."

Catharine did not vouchsafe even a look in reply. The proud face, the proud bearing, the very droop of her eyelids, seemed to repel the insinuation with a scorn that needed no words. But the delicate face at her side was both troubled and shaken.

"Auntie, don't!" she pleaded. "I love Kathie. Don't say such things about her. You don't really think them. I know you don't."

The tone of this answer was not an indignant siding with her friend, but a weak pleading with an offended judge. It had even a hesitating accent, as if the speaker were in doubt which of the two was right, and sought only to avoid a disagreeable collision.

Catharine drew away her hands with an abrupt, haughty movement, and then as suddenly melted, when she saw the tears starting into Bella's eyes.

"My poor little pet," she said, drawing the childish face to her shoulder without heeding the cold observant watcher opposite. "My pet, it is too bad that people should quarrel where you are. There! look at me and see how sorry I am, Bella. In all the years we have lived together there has not been a day—not one—that I have not kept back the hard words I was tempted to speak, for the thought of you. If sometimes I make you afraid, as I have to-day, remember how many thousand times I have forced myself to be patient and still for your sake."

Strange it was to see how calm her face remained, while her voice was shaken and trembling with pathetic earnestness.

The childish mouth she was watching quivered into a faint smile, and she was satisfied for the moment—satisfied, though such smiles come neither of deep love nor of lasting memory.

Mrs. Winslow sat looking at them with the same distrustful eyes. Bella was her niece, the one pride and affection of her narrow life. When, years ago, Catharine had come to live with them at Bella's urgent entreaty, she had yielded for the child's sake, and because it had pleased her husband, who was now an old man. But she never lost a certain jealousy of the new-comer. In the last few years it had hardened into absolute dislike. When Catharine entered society, she saw in all the homage paid to her so much detracted from the attention due Bella. It was not enough that every body loved and petted Bella. In her heart Mrs. Winslow knew that if Catharine should ever choose to enter into the lists with her friend, she had power to do what she pleased. That Miss Leavitt never had chosen to do so, that she had such tender love for Bella as to make it incredible that she ever would, were facts that did not in the least mollify the resentment of Bella's aunt. It was the perception of superior strength, whether exerted or not, that she could not endure. And so she had never lost the chance of speaking a word against Catharine—of late years with too much success; for Bella fully inherited the traditional jealousy of the Winslow family.

Besides these fancies there was another disturbing cause much more real and present. Old Mr. Winslow, in whose hands all the family property rested, and who was expected as a matter of course to leave it to his niece, had such an unaccountable fondness for Catharine that her influence over him was greater than that of wife and niece together. As he grew older this increased, till he could hardly bear to have the girl out of his sight. Mrs. Winslow dreaded the day when his will should be made known, and could scarcely forgive Miss Leavitt for being the cause of that dread. She never doubted that if this interloper could obtain the property she would take it, any more than she doubted that her love for Bella was a light thing, to be easily cast aside when the need for it had gone by.

Catharine's girlhood had passed between fits of indignant anger at these suspicions, and moods of repentant tenderness because love for the one she also loved was at the bottom of them. When she was a woman, she said to herself, things would be better, for then they would know her and trust her.

And now she was a woman, and the shadow of these things was closing yet more darkly around her. Mr. Winslow, as he descended into his second childhood, was growing, in his fondness for her, more and more forgetful of all else. She could not help it; she could not even make them believe that she tried. One way was open to her: to go away altogether. That meant to leave Bella—and to lose her; for though she never complained of it, she knew that her friend's love was a child's love. It would not outlive absence nor distance. Still the pain would be hers only, and it was not so unfamiliar a guest that she needed to shrink from it.

As she thought silently of all this, clear and calm, like a refuge from trouble, rose up the image of the place of rest where day in and day out the two old people and the young child watched the sunlight streaming across the graves. She still thought of it as she looked down into Bella's face, where the long lashes were drooping against the soft cheek. She still thought of it as she bent tenderly to kiss the sleeping face, with a prayer that no pain of her giving might ever make that sleep less quiet, less unconsciously happy.

But the carriage stopped at the door, and it was necessary to wake Bella, who had gone to sleep like a baby, lulled by the easy motion. She rubbed her eyes sleepily even after they stood in the hall together.

"Come, Bella," said Catharine—"come to the music-room. It is cool there, and I want to talk to you a while. Or, if you must look so sleepy, you ridiculous child, I will play to you till you are in the land of Nod again."

"I fear Bella is too tired to be amused at present," said Mrs. Winslow, frigidly. "The drive has been too much for her. And she worried about you when you were away from us. My love, you will be better off in my room while you are resting. Miss Leavitt will excuse you, I am sure, until dinner." She spoke as if Miss Leavitt were some transitory guest, to be treated with ceremonious politeness.

Catharine did not answer, but waited for Bella to make her choice. This was just what Bella disliked most to do; she preferred to have things decided for her. Of the two, Mrs. Winslow was the more imperative in tone, and she yielded to it instinctively, only turning her pretty head, as she followed her aunt up stairs, to say, plaintively, "Auntie wants me, you know, and I *am* tired."

Catharine went alone to the music-room, feeling as if some strong grasp was tightening on her life. The incident was a trifle, but a multitude of such trifles are hard to bear. And she remembered the time when Bella would have sided with her least wish against the house.

She longed to be by herself, but when she opened the door the room was not empty. Old Mr. Winslow sat eagerly expecting her return.

"My little girl has come," he said, in his feeble voice, as she came into the semi-darkness of the cool, shaded room—"my little girl has come, and she's been gone so long! What could the old uncle do without her? I sha'n't be here long, Kathie, not long. Don't you leave me again."

"Indeed, I have to go out sometimes, Uncle Winslow," said Catharine, wearily sinking into a chair. She had long ago fallen into the habit of calling him uncle, to please his fancy.

"No, no," said the old man, holding her hand in both his shaking ones; "that 'll never do. I want you here. It's not so much to ask. You'll find out when I'm gone there's a long life before you, child, and money, money—plenty of money—after I'm gone."

Catharine tried to get her hand away from him, but he would not let it go. She sat still by his side, her face growing colder and prouder with every word he said. It was not the first time he had hinted that he meant to make her his heiress.

"Uncle, you are mistaken," she said, trying to speak gently. "I shall be no better off in money after you are gone. I shall be worse off in other ways, for I shall have lost a kind friend."

Yes, a kind friend; he had always been that to her. She tried to remember it now, though her heart almost hated him for his injustice to Bella.

"No better off!" he repeated, impatiently. "You don't know what you're talking about, Kathie. You don't know what you are to me."

"I know what others ought to be to you, Mr. Winslow."

She tried to remind him by this more formal title that she had no claim on him, no real relationship to him. He did not notice it in his excitement.

"There are no others, I tell you, child; there is nobody in all the world but my little girl. They may say what they please. What do we care for them, Kathie? All I've got will be yours sometime. You'll not leave me again while I live?"

She tore her hand away from him almost savagely, and rose to her feet, but a choking sob kept down the indignant words. He sat looking up at her piteously, only bewildered by her anger. And he had been so kind to her, this old man, who was so unjust to others. With a desperate feeling at her heart she tried to make him understand.

"Uncle, how can you think of doing any thing that would give so much pain to your little girl? I have some money of my own already; I do not need yours. But that is not the reason at all. It is Bella who has a right to it—Bella who is your own niece. And I love her better than any one else in the world. She will hate me if you do as you say, and then I shall never be happy again. Promise me—"

She stopped short in despair. Her words made no impression on him at all. He only sat stroking her hand, and murmuring that she had the eyes of the little daughter he had buried long ago; she was his own little girl; every thing that he had should be hers. She sat silent, a stern resolve growing in her heart. Once, when she looked up suddenly, she fancied that she saw Mrs. Winslow gliding away from the half-open door. Whether this was so or not, her friend's manner was changed to her from that day. In vain she tried to win back the old confidence; Bella only shrank from her, and clung more closely to her aunt.

The bright autumn months wore on, bringing with them only one event—Bella's engagement to a Mr. Louis Durant, an old school friend of Catharine's, and once her boyish lover. That was all over long ago. He had for her now, she knew, only a strong brotherly affection. All his heart was laid at the feet of the fair child-woman he worshipped.

But though Bella knew this well, she chose to be jealous. Catharine found that every innocent word and look of hers was twisted into a meaning they were never meant to bear. Finally, when a handsome present from her lover was accompanied by a book for her friend, with the inscription, "To his sister Catharine," Bella's jealousy broke into open words.

"My darling," pleaded Catharine, with the pathetic humility she never used to any one else, "you know very well that it all happened so long ago, when we were mere children. Louis was only fifteen years old when he fancied that he liked me. I am his sister, he says; but he loves you more than twenty sisters. Don't you remember it was only the other day he called you his little white angel?"

Yes, Bella did remember, but she would not be pacified. Day by day she shrank farther away from her friend, and her lovely face, with its large eyes and babyish rings of soft hair, began to wear the look Catharine had so dreaded to see upon it—the grieved look that she had prayed she might never bring there. When she first saw that look, all pain seemed to die out of her heart for the moment, that it might be left strong to carry out the resolve growing up in it through so many hard months.

One night in November, when the first snow of the season was falling over the sleepers in St. George's Cemetery, the gate-keeper's wife, hurrying home by the path that led between the white marble statues, saw the figure of a lady coming to meet her through the silent dropping snow. The snow-flakes clung to her dress and lay lightly on her hair like a white consecration. Covered by this pitying whiteness, which covered also the quiet graves around, she came silently on, and held out her hands without a word. The old woman asked no questions. She took the two tired hands, that had just loosed their hold of all that was dear to them, in her own, and led Catharine home to the little gate-house.

Before they came near they could see the child holding open the door for them. The bright light shone from behind like a halo round her head. She drew back when she saw the stranger, but Catharine caught her in her arms, murmuring, "Bella! Bella!" to herself many times as she bent over the little one on her breast.

From that day the grave sad woman and the happy child were fast friends. When the spring sun came again, the two wandered hand in hand among the graves. If she saw bright flowers growing over them, the child would laugh merrily; but when the blossoms were white, she only stooped and laid her soft face against them, and then hurried on again as if she feared to break by a word the silence their white purity kept round them.

All Catharine's past life seemed to fall from her. The pain in her heart could not lift itself in presence of the sleepers who had passed beyond pain. There were spots where she liked to sit for hours, because there the graves were neglected, and no one ever came to watch over them. The child had also her favorite haunts; these were generally the graves of little children, which she liked because they were so small, and seemed lonely among the larger ones.

There were long summer days, when Catharine watched the morning light breaking across the green mounds, and the evening light stealing away from them; short winter days, when the snow fell deeper and deeper, till at last there was no unevenness on its surface, and rich and poor, aged man and little child, were equal beneath that whiteness.

These days grew into years, she scarcely knew how. There were changes even in that still place. The old gate-keeper and his wife were gathered to the assembly of the dead. The little Isabel grew into a fair, thoughtful girl; she and her husband kept the gate-house after the old people were gone. Even there love could enter, as well as death, yet Catharine, when she threw the bridal veil over the meek young face, fancied that the memory of childhood still kept it too calm for the bridal brightness.

Again the years went on, and other children played under the gray stone arch—children who used to cluster around Catharine, toying with the gray hair on her forehead, and asking if it had ever been bright like their own.

Few waves from the outer world reached her. She knew, indeed, that Mr. and Mrs. Winslow were both dead. The living never came to her, but only the dead. When the funeral train that carried the old man to his rest swept through the gates, she felt less lonely. He had loved her, called her his little girl, and he had come to her at last. She never doubted that he knew now why his little girl had forsaken him.

Bella inherited the family property; not long afterward she was married to Mr. Durant. They came there together sometimes after the death of the two old people, and Catharine, unseen, looked upon her darling's unconscious face, and knew that she was happy.

These visits grew rarer, stopped altogether. The time came when the gates opened to take in another child, and Bella's little girl was laid away out of her sight. Catharine wept too when the tears fell over Bella's face, but she went no nearer, for Louis stood at his wife's side, and she read in their faces that they were enough for each other. She only visited the little grave each day, keeping it fair and bright as no other in all the place was kept.

For many years the white lilies grew over it in summer, the white snow fell over it in winter, and then Bella came again. Her delicate beauty gone, her face worn with suffering, the weight of years bowing her head, she stood in the place of rest, and saw her husband laid by the little child.

Then Catharine, herself an old woman, went and stood at her side, that she might not be alone. And the friend who had not needed her in happiness turned to her in sorrow. Bella knew her at once, though she had not looked upon her face since they parted in their youth. She held out her hands, and Catharine took her in her arms as if the summers and winters lying between them were all a dream.

Like a dream they had faded, indeed. Bella had been willful and exacting once: life had taught her to be humble. She who had cared only for the love of others, now learned that to give love was better. In the same old home where the two had grown up they lived again together, all the blind mistakes, the jarring purposes, being left far behind.

But something else that Catharine had forgotten was yet living. One day there came to her a stranger, a man with white hair, into whose face she looked bewildered, till gradually his words recalled the picture of a bright noon in her early youth. He told her how he had listened when she stood by the old gate-house, having faced death for a child's sake, and turned off all praise by simply answering that it was no strange thing that she was not a coward.

"I was a coward myself then," he said, "but I trust in God I have been braver since. I had to choose that day whether I would be an honorable man or a happy one. It is a little thing that turns us when we are young. I heard you say, 'I am no coward,' and it went to my heart that a woman should be braver than I was. I heard your name too; I have taught it to my children and my grandchildren. I do not know whether I have been more tempted than other men, or weaker than other men. I only know that twice since that day I have had to fight a losing battle, and twice the memory of you and your words has made me strong. Catharine—I am an old man, and I call you as I have called you in my thoughts many years—for wife and children, for home and friends, for an honorable name among men and a pure conscience before God, I thank you next to that God this day!"

He knelt before her and took her hand, while the deep awe that she had felt on that long-forgotten day so filled her heart again, so blessed and comforted it, that it kept back all tears from her eyes.

Its memory was with her while she lived; and long years afterward the children at the stately city house, the children at the humble gate-house, neither knowing of the other, used to speak her name softly in their prayers, blessing it as only a child's voice can bless.

REE INDIANS CROSSING THE MISSOURI.

The Ree Indians are a small but warlike tribe that almost every year take to the war-path against the Sioux of the Upper Missouri, although their relations with the whites have always been of the most peaceful character. Even the squaws, it is said, share the military spirit of the men, accompany them to battle, and on many occasions have proved their courage and pluck on the field. The men are considered excellent shots, and they are among the bravest of warriors. Our artist states that he once saw a band of these Indians defeat almost double their number of Sioux.

It was only the day before this sanguinary fight that he watched them crossing the Missouri in the curiously constructed boats shown in our illustration on page 352. These boats are made by stretching green hides of cattle over a strong wicker frame, and leaving them to dry and harden in the sun. A coat of tar or pitch completes the craft and makes it ready for use. As a rule, the squaws do the paddling, while the men attend to swimming the horses across.

TRUST BETRAYED.

The scene depicted in our illustration on page 353 is one which has become too frequent in this country within the last few years. Savings-banks were originally intended to afford the industrious poor a safe place of deposit for their scanty savings, by which they could lay up something for support in sickness or old age, or provide for their children. As a rule, no doubt, these institutions are honestly and prudently managed; but in too many instances the dishonesty or flagrant mismanagement of the officials has brought ruin upon a trusted bank, and caused great suffering and distress among thousands of poor and worthy depositors. In some cases old men and women have lost the savings of a lifetime, and invalids unable to work have been deprived of their only means of support.

RELIGIOUS INTELLIGENCE.

Calendar.

MAY.

Wednesday, 1.—SS. Philip and James, Apostles.
Sunday, 5.—Second Sunday after Easter.
Sunday, 12.—Third Sunday after Easter.
Sunday, 19.—Fourth Sunday after Easter.
Sunday, 26.—Fifth Sunday after Easter.
Thursday, 30.—Ascension-Day.

A very readable letter to the *Evangelist* from one of the many lady correspondents in Washington gives the best account yet furnished to the press of the chaplains who have served the Houses of Congress. The Rev. Dr. Duché is popularly reputed to have offered in 1777 the first public prayer before that body. Since 1789, according to this authority, ninety-six chaplains have been appointed, some of them serving, however, for a very short period. Twenty-seven have been Methodists, twenty-six Presbyterians, fifteen Baptists, six Congregationalists, one Lutheran, one Roman Catholic, and one Unitarian. Some of the number have been men of great fame; their names would make a long catalogue—Bishops M'Ilvaine and Johns, and Drs. Durbin, Bascom, Maffitt, Slicer, Milburn, Newman, Sereno Dwight, Waldo, Cone, Channing, Stockton, Cookman, and others, whose lives are part of our national annals. The correspondent who has gathered up these facts does not note Dr. Durbin's chaplaincy. He was at the time in the height of his fame. It fell to his lot to deliver, in 1832, the discourse commemorative of the one-hundredth anniversary of the birthday of Washington. The power and splendor of the sermon were so marked that a leading Congressman said to the orator: "Sir, you may preach many times after this, but you will never exceed what you have done this day." Cookman was noted for drawing the most vivid of his illustrations from the sea, in which he was finally to be lost. His personal influence as a Christian teacher over members of Congress was very great. Waldo was ninety-five years old when he did duty as chaplain, but though so aged, he was full of vigor. A volume of reminiscences of the chaplains to Congress would make most interesting reading.

That beautiful charity, the Flower and Fruit Mission of New York, has now had a prosperous life of eight years. Though administered by ladies of the great city, the supplies are mostly drawn from the surrounding country. During the summer of 1877 flowers were received from seventy-eight towns, amounting to 73,823 bouquets, and fruits also, which were distributed in more than "one hundred hospitals, homes, missions, prisons, and industrial schools, besides 11,000 to the sick in tenement-houses." The work for 1878 has begun with a social reunion held in the hall of the society, No. 239 Fourth Avenue, on the 24th of April.

The accounts of the famine in China, furnished in some instances by eye-witnesses, are very painful reading. The son of an English clergyman writes from Shanghai: "I have seen some of these unfortunate famine refugees with only a piece of matting round them, the thermometer 12 above zero, and nothing to eat but a little rice water. They have flocked to Tien-tsin and Shanghai and other treaty ports in thousands. Here you see hundreds of half-starved, nearly naked wretches, who have wandered from their homes far away. Human flesh is frequently sold for food in the famine districts."

The English ritualists show every disposition to defy the courts. The Rev. J. Edwards, vicar of Prestbury, suspended by Lord Penzance for six months, has continued to conduct religious services as usual. Mr. Mackonochie, of St. Alban's, London, has paid no attention to the warning given him. Mr. Charles Wood, the president of the English Church Union, has assured these clergymen that in resisting the law "they will have the support not only of the Union, but also of many others outside its ranks." The never-ending battle will, therefore, begin again. Both sides can boast of a large following. The Council of the Church of England Working-men's Society promise to support Mr. Mackonochie in resisting the Arches Court, and will direct the preparation of a memorial, to be sent, when 100,000 signatures are obtained, to the Pan-Anglican Synod.

The anniversaries to be held in New York have already been announced in this Intelligence. The American Bible Society will hold its anniversary in Richmond May 9; the Southern Presbyterian Assembly meets in Knoxville, Tennessee, May 16; on the same day the Northern Presbyterian Assembly will meet in Pittsburgh, Pennsylvania; the General Synod of the Reformed Presbyterian Church meets in this city May 15. The General Council of the Reformed Episcopal Church opens in Newark May 8. The opening of the Southern Methodist General Conference in Atlanta, May 1, has already been noted.

The question of the compulsory celibacy of priests is rapidly approaching a crisis among the German Old Catholics. Döllinger is opposed to this reform, and if it should be carried, will, it is thought, withdraw from the Old Catholic body. The other great leaders take the same view as Döllinger, but among the congregations there is a growing determination to carry the point. A petition to the Synod, which meets this year, from the Old Catholic congregation of Mannheim, has received the support of thirty-five other congregations. The party of advance is particularly strong in Baden. The Old Catholics of German-speaking Switzerland have formed a General Conference, which will meet three times each year. Its object will be to promote the extension of their cause by providing lecturers and pastors, and publications in the periodical press.

The papal allocution of March 29 to the cardinals indicates that Leo XIII. will not carry forward the policy of his predecessor, and may even try to undo some of the work of the reign of Pius IX. The usual tribute of respect to the late Pope was given; the loss of the temporal power was, however, named in very mild terms. The Apostolic See, said Leo XIII., in consequence of this loss, "can not at all enjoy the full, free, and independent exercise of its power." Nor does the allocution indicate a purpose to wage war upon Italy for the recovery of the Papal States. The most significant passage of the allocution, however, is that in which the relations of the Sacred College to the Pope are traced. Leo finds the model of the College in the Council of Seventy instituted by Moses. "He wishes the cardinals" (we quote from the report of the London *Times*) "to be his by-standers and fellow-laborers; and lest these words be thought unmeaning, he expresses all the reliance he puts on their wise counsel, trusting and begging that it may never fail him. He adds that it was the dearest wish of the Council of Trent that the administration of the Church should rest on the Council of Cardinals." This is taken by some to be a side thrust at the new dogma of papal infallibility. No reference is made in this address to the decree of the Vatican Council or to the dogma of the Immaculate Conception.

There appears to be no doubt of the confirmation by the Standing Committees of the Protestant Episcopal dioceses of the election of the Rev. Dr. Burgess as Bishop of Quincy, Illinois, and of that of the Rev. George W. Peterkin as Bishop of West Virginia.

Mr. Moody's temperance meetings (held on Fridays) are as remarkable in New Haven for their power as they have been in other cities. They are attended by thousands; and the experiences told are of deep interest. Several reformed men declared very positively that through the influence of religion their old appetite had disappeared. Dr. Cuyler at one meeting cautioned them against delusion on this point, but they adhered to their testimony notwithstanding.

For eighteen years the Young Men's Christian Association of Chicago has maintained an employment bureau, where from 3000 to 5000 boys and men have been helped to find employers. The first year after the great fire 15,000 men were enabled by it to get work. A Chicago paper says: "Many of the Western and Southern States have patronized this office. Employers every where, in city and country, have confidently relied on the bureau for the selection of bookkeepers, salesmen, clerks, mechanics, and business men generally." No charge is made for its services. This is Christianity in its most practical form.

A commission of cardinals, appointed to consider the duty of Italian Catholics in regard to Parliamentary elections, have counselled them to take part in such elections and to accept seats in Parliament. This will involve the necessity of taking oath to support the national constitution. The advice is another sign of a more conciliatory spirit in the papacy.

The English Church Association, which has for its object the suppression of ritualism, held its annual meeting in London during March. Fifty-four branch societies were reported as having been added during the year; the total number of branches is now 334. The work of the year includes the exposure of the *Priest in Absolution*, both before the public and in Parliament; the anti-confessional meeting in July last, and the anti-confessional memorial; the legal proceedings in the Prestbury, St. James's, St. Vedast's, and other cases; and numerous lectures and publications. The Association is carried on with an expenditure of about $35,000 per year.

The 75,000 Indians allotted to the Indian Territory are not dying out—that is very certain. Of the whole number 16,000 are Cherokees, 11,000 Creeks, 2500 Seminoles, 16,000 Choctaws, and 5000 Chickasaws. With them are 5000 negroes, formerly slaves, and whites, numbering several thousand, who are traders, teachers, laborers, etc. The Baptists have the most church members among the tribes; next come the Southern Methodists. Much of the teaching and of the preaching is in the English language. These Indians make slow progress in the arts of civilization, but still it is progress.

Several churches are said to be organizing in Michigan on a no-creed basis. The formula to which the members subscribe is the following only: "We hold that Christianity is not belief merely, but rather a life; that the sayings of Christ are the plainest possible statement of religious truth, and constitute the only true theology; and that any person who believes and earnestly tries to live in accordance with those sayings is entitled to church privileges."

Dr. Edmond de Pressensé, in one of his intelligent letters to the English papers, ascribes to the working classes of Paris much higher qualities of character than they are generally supposed to possess. "In an intellectual point of view, and in warmth and generosity of heart, they are," he thinks, "really remarkable. It must be said, also, that they are but little addicted to habits of intemperance, and the drunkenness which was such a grievous evil during the siege and under the Commune is now but seldom seen. Religiously, the populace of Paris are more and more averse to Catholicism. Doubtless, in their ignorance of true Christianity, the people seem to repudiate it; but when it is presented to them, lovingly and apart from any connection with the Catholic Church, it finds ready access to their hearts." It is a pity that the French Protestants are so hopelessly at variance with each other as to unfit them for efficiently presenting Christianity, "apart from the Catholic Church," to their countrymen.

HUMORS OF THE DAY.

A Lowell man, who lost his good character some time ago, was severely hauled over by some of his former friends. "I know it, boys. I know my character's gone; lost entirely. And," he added, rather pointedly, "it's too confounded bad, for it was the only one in the place worth saving."

A Word to Topers.—Don't complain so much of your luck. It's all in your rye.

Brown's wife went to the dentist's lately and took gas. The new set of teeth is not ready, nor is she ready; and so there has been peace in the Brown family for several days. As Brown joyfully remarked, "Her mouth is closed for repairs."

"Do they miss you at home?" he asked, as she folded and put away a letter she had just received from her mother. "Never," she answered; "they call me 'Sis.'"

A young man of twenty recently took to wife a Pennsylvania widow of fifty, the sole proprietress of a couple of petroleum wells. Of him it may be truly said that he loved not wisely but two well(s).

A Yankee photographer presented a revolver at the head of a gentleman who was sitting for his photograph, with the cheering remark: "My reputation as an artist is at stake. If you don't look smiling, I'll blow your brains out." He smiled.

Small Boy (*entering shop*). "I want a pennyworth o' canary-seed."

Shop-keeper (*who knows the boy*). "Is it for your mother?"

Small Boy (*contemptuously*). "No; it's for the bird."

"Aw! from Titusville, I see," said the magnificent hotel clerk to the guest who had just booked. "You are in oil, I take it?" "In oil!" thundered the farmer. "No; do you suppose I'm a sardine?"

No matter if a man does say he wants to be an angel, it is always safe to have the name of a good indorser on the back of his note.

The following conversation took place recently in a hotel: "Waiter!" "Yes, Sir." "What's this?" "It's bean soup." "No matter what it has been; the question is, what is it now?"

Religious papers are discussing the question, "How shall we interest the young at church?" Offer tickets, good for admission to the first circus of the season, to such boys as are most punctual and regular in attendance.

A Detroit boy stood an umbrella, with a cord tied to it, in a public doorway. Eleven persons thought that that umbrella was theirs, and carried it with them the length of the string. They then suddenly dropped it, and went off without once looking back or stopping to pick it up again.

Why is a doctor better taken care of than his patients?—Because, when he goes to bed, somebody is sure to *rap* him up.

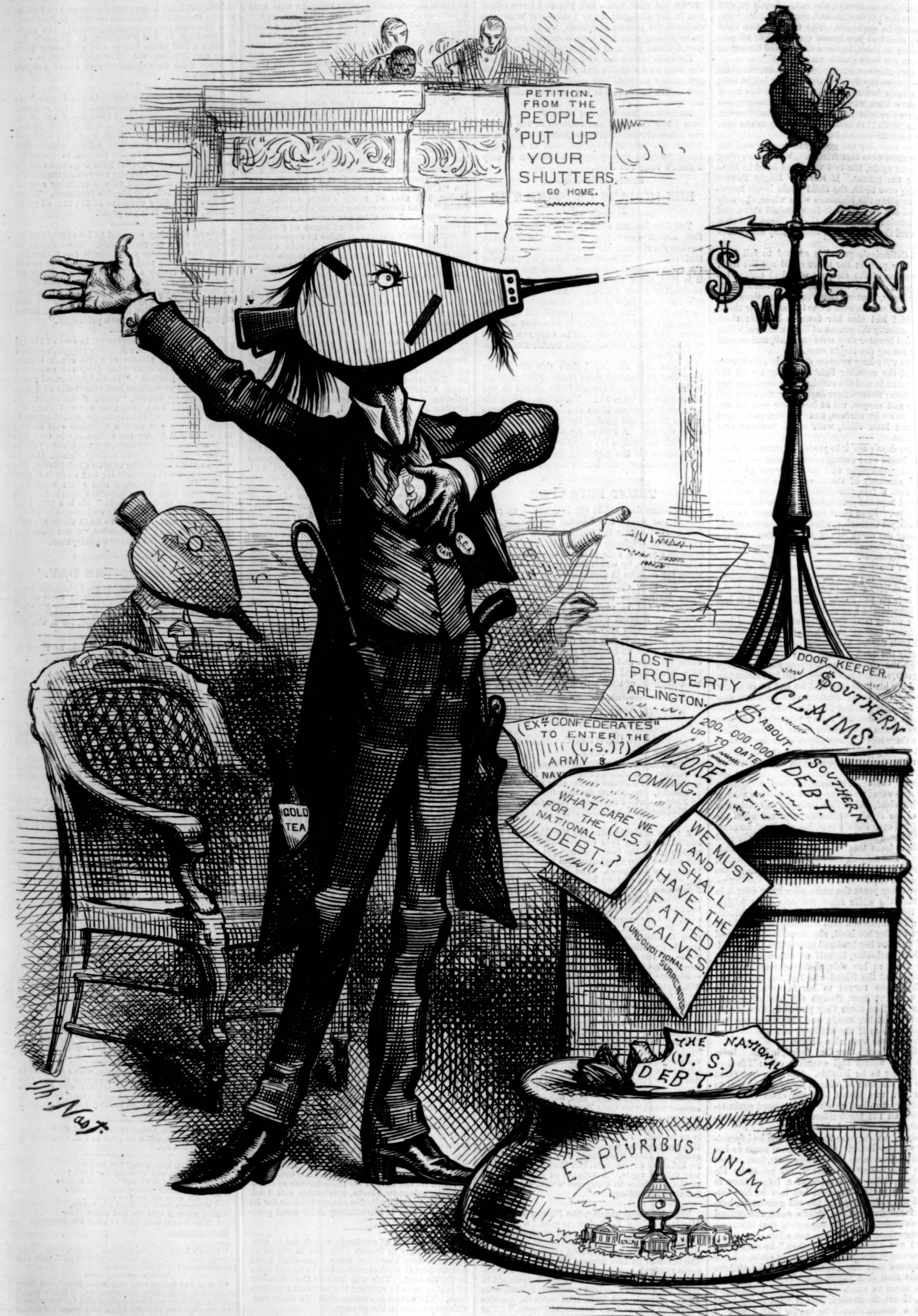
The young man paced the parlor,
  While she was cleaning her teeth;
And he thought of the brilliant dollars
  Of the daddy who would bequeath.
The old man sat on the counter,
  With his head between his hands,
And rejoiced that his girl had a lover
  Who would help him to meet his demands.

Both mistaken.

"What's honor?" asks Falstaff. That's easy. Any woman who sits behind another woman in church can tell what's on her in two minutes.

"I was not aware that you knew him," said Tom Smith to an Irish friend the other day. "Know him!" said he, in a tone which comprehended the knowledge of more than one life—"I knew him when his father was a boy."

"Can you tell me where Washington's Monument is?" asked a rural gentleman in Charles Street, Baltimore, the other day. "Just lift your eyes off the ground," said the person addressed, rather tartly, "and you'll see it." "Well, I hev lifted my eyes," said the rural party, looking his informant calmly in the face, "an' I don't see nuthin' but a darned old fool."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PROBABILITIES.

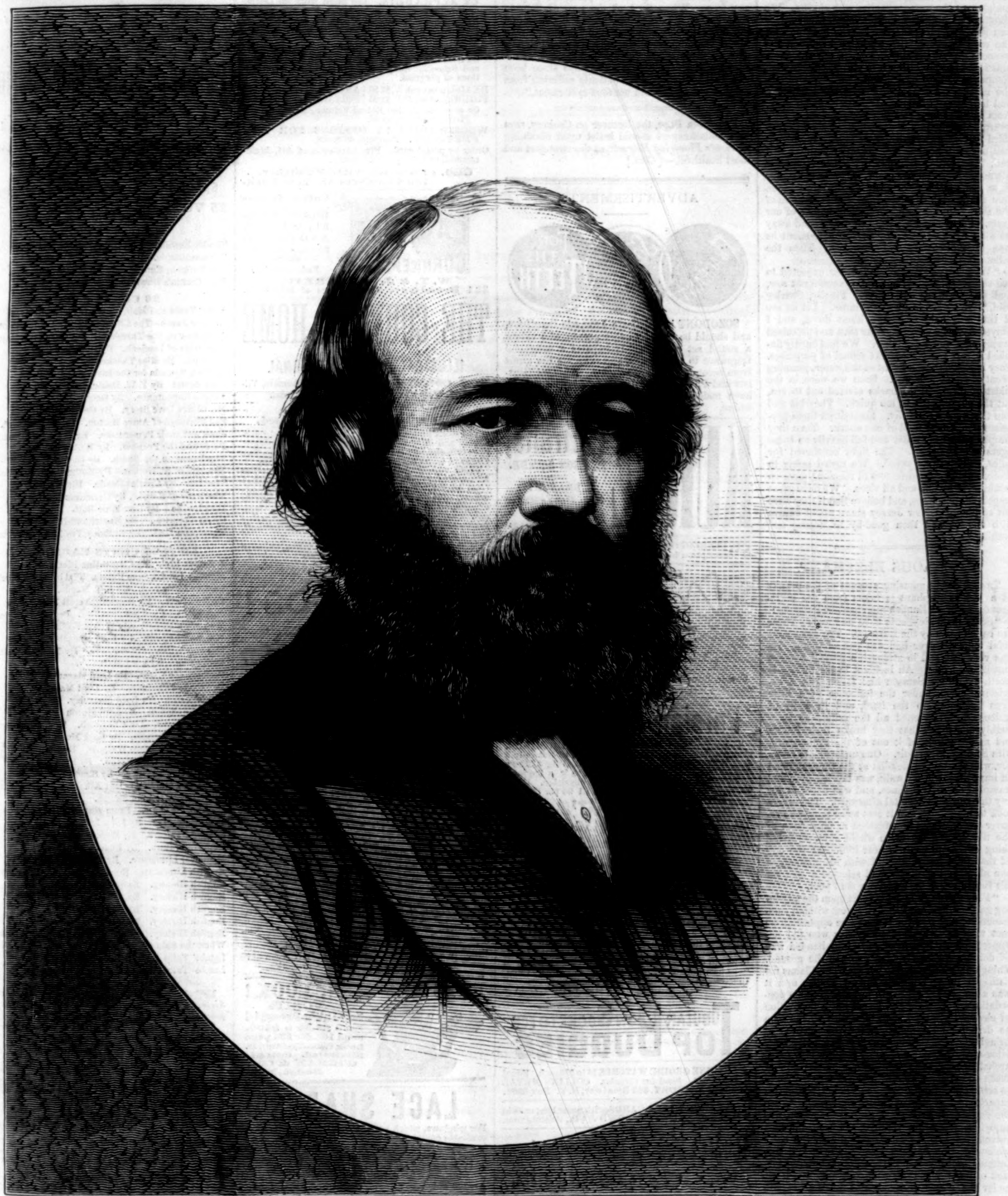
WASHINGTON.—*Frequent Southerly breezes, occasionally growing stronger, and at times threatening to become a perfect hurricane. In the present state of the atmosphere these squalls may be constantly expected.*

THE MARQUIS OF SALISBURY.

Lord Salisbury, who recently succeeded Lord Derby as Foreign Secretary, brings to the consideration of his duties an intellect of no mean capacity, matured and trained to diplomacy through the lower to the higher grades of office, while his conduct as Indian Secretary fully shows his capacity for work. Added to these facts, it must not be forgotten that the personal influences are altered by the changes in the office of Foreign Secretary, for while a friendly feeling existed between the Earl of Derby and Count Schouvaloff, it is no secret that Lord Salisbury hates General Ignatieff, if only for his duplicity when the English representative was in Constantinople, it having been boasted at all social gatherings by the Russian general that he had wormed important state matters out of the English marquis by means of the conversational powers and fascinating manners of Madame Ignatieff—a boast which the new Foreign Secretary warmly resented and has never forgiven.

It is well known that family characteristics reproduce themselves through many generations, and the present head of the Salisbury family is a strong example of this. Descended from Secretary Sir Robert Cecil, younger son of the celebrated Lord Burleigh, who was a man of considerable ability, possessing great knowledge of affairs and immense powers of application, at the same time cantankerous and cynical in his disposition, Lord Salisbury inherits most of these personal qualifications; but in one important particular be differs materially from his ancestor. Sir Robert Cecil had the reputation of being a self-seeker, who never sacrificed his personal interests to a sense of duty, or did a service without a hope of an adequate return, whereas the present Marquis of Salisbury has undertaken numerous duties from no other motive than a desire to be useful, and has shown that he knows how to subordinate interest to principles. The first he exemplified a few years ago by assuming the thankless post of chairman of the Great Eastern Railway, the affairs of which were then in a hopeless state of confusion, and the second he illustrated by retiring from Lord Derby's ministry, in 1867, in company with Lord Carnarvon and General Peel, when he found he could not support the Reform Bill brought in by his chief and Lord Beaconsfield (then Mr. Disraeli). Lord Cranborne, the title the marquis bore, was at that time a comparatively poor man, and the salary attaching to the office of Upper Secretary of State for India was believed to be a consideration. Nevertheless, he did not hesitate a moment, but promptly abandoned office and emplument at the dictate of conviction.

The present Marquis is the third in the line, having succeeded his father in 1868. He was born in 1830, and educated at Eton and Christchurch, Oxford, where he took his B.A. degree in 1850, and M.A. and Fellow of All-Souls three years later. He was Secretary for India, 1866–67, and again in 1874–78, and was elected Chancellor of Oxford University on the death of the late Earl of Derby in 1868. First as Lord Robert Cecil, and afterward as Viscount Cranborne, the Marquis represented Stamford from 1853 until his accession to the peerage. The Marquis is Deputy-Lieutenant for Middlesex and chairman of the Quarter Sessions for that county, to which latter office he was elected in 1874. He is also a D.C.L. of Oxford University, and a Privy Councillor.



THE MARQUIS OF SALISBURY, BRITISH FOREIGN SECRETARY.

A TRUE SHARK STORY.

It may not be generally known that in that playful marine acrobat, the porpoise, the shark possesses an implacable enemy that will permit no intrusion on its feeding grounds. The writer first learned this fact from two old and experienced fishermen when out on a fishing excursion, one lovely August day, off Squan Beach, New Jersey. It came out in the course of a story, which is here given as it was told in the boat.

The fishermen were serious and quiet men, watchful and ready; and I noticed that they not only used no profane expressions themselves, but appeared to be annoyed and distressed at the occasional strong expletives that escaped me under the exasperating excitement of losing a fine fish from the hook after hauling it to the surface. Somewhat surprised at demeanor I had not been accustomed to in "toilers of the sea," I asked them at last if any thing was the matter. They replied, very respectfully, that being religious men and members of the Methodist Church, they felt pained by every thing approaching the sin of profanity, and that if I would listen they would tell me the story of their remarkable deliverance from death, which resulted in their conversion. It was as follows:

"Some ten years ago we were hard drinkers, swearers, wild surf-men, and fishermen. We never entered a church, and cared neither for God nor devil.

"On a fine Sunday morning in August, 1867, we started at daylight for this very reef of rocks. With plenty of bait, we looked for four or five hundred-weight of sea-bass, flounders, and black-fish. At first we pulled them up as fast as our lines touched bottom; then we had not a single bite. Surprised, we stood up and looked around, preparatory to changing our ground. To our astonishment the water was alive with sharks. We commenced pulling up our anchor, when a savage fish rushed to the bow of the boat and bit the rope in two. Then we hoisted sail, but the moment we put the steering oar in the water several sharks began biting it in pieces. So we were compelled to take in sail, and drift. We were in the midst of a school of sharks two miles long and half a mile broad. They were of all sizes, from six feet long to twelve or fourteen. They swarmed around our boat, and dashed it one-third full of water with their tails. We had to bail, one with his hat, and the other with the bait pail. Every moment some big fellow would put his nose almost on our gunwale, while his yellow tiger eye glared ferociously at our pale faces. One shark dashed at the boat and seized one of the side planks, and almost shook us out of our seats. Fortunately his teeth broke off, and away he went with a bleeding jaw. In a moment he was torn in pieces and devoured. Then the school turned toward us again.

"We were in despair, and never expected to see shore. We could not sail, we could not row, and were drifting out to sea. Finally, Charley said, 'Bill, we are in an awful muss. Let us see if God will help us.' We knelt down, and I prayed for help, confessed our sins, and promised amendment and repentance. We had hardly finished before we saw a great school of porpoises. They hurled themselves out of the water, jumping twenty feet at a bound. Soon we were in the midst of them. The sharks started out to sea, but the porpoises were too quick. They bit and tore the sharks fearfully. Sometimes three porpoises would have hold of one shark. Then they jumped out of the water and fell heavily on these tigers of the ocean. The fight continued for miles, and we were saved. We rowed safely to shore, and became professors of religion; gave up drinking, swearing, and all vices. We have great respect for porpoises, and believe that if they were not so plentiful, New Jersey shore would swarm with sharks, and then good-by to fishing and bathing."

A JEALOUS ELEPHANT.

THE following amusing account of the pranks of a jealous elephant is taken from the correspondence of an English merchant in Rangoon:

"Some male elephants have no tusks. These are called *hines* by the Burmese. The most powerful animal I ever had was one of them. He was very tall, and in strength a perfect Samson among elephants. An incident in his history is worth relating. Samson had fallen into a capricious mood, under the influence of a little siren belonging to the herd, and in a fit of jealousy he frightened all the others so thoroughly one night that they broke their fetters and made a bolt of it out of the timber-yard, with Samson in pursuit. One unfortunate member, who was on the sick-list at the time, and had an impediment in his walk, was bowled over and trampled on several times, and was never fit for any thing but the hospital afterward. The others took to the jungle, and it cost some money to recover them. Samson remained in possession of the timber-yard for three whole days, no living thing daring to venture near him. At the end of that time he walked off with his companion one night to the jungle, and selected a spot for his future residence close to a mud pool.

"For some days he made raids upon the adjoining gardens, eating up the fruit trees without compunction; and in revenge for some opposition he met with from a market-gardener who did not appreciate his new neighbor's high-handed way of doing things, levelled his hut to the ground. Things were beginning to get serious. Claims for damages became unpleasantly frequent, and it was absolutely necessary to put a stop to his depredations. Accordingly, I sent out a deputation of elephants to wait upon him, with picked men as drivers and attendants, for the purpose of bringing him to reason. There were ten elephants altogether, the senior member being a very patriarchal-looking animal, with an immense pair of tusks—the one, in fact, who was always employed to settle difficulties among the juniors, and in this capacity he had been uniformly successful. When the deputation arrived at the spot, Samson was enjoying his morning bath in the mud, and they surrounded him. The patriarch, with the chief *mahout* driving, and another good man and true behind him, for the purpose of supplying any lack of moral courage that might manifest itself under trying circumstances, was taken nearest to the renegade. His sweetheart was quietly browsing among the bamboos close by. The moment Samson realized the situation he made a rush from the bath at the patriarch, who, forgetting his wonted dignity of manner, turned tail and bolted. The hook and the spear with which the drivers were armed alike failed to restore courage to the leader. On he went, tearing through the jungle, the branches of trees and thorny creepers making sad havoc with the persons of the men on his back. His bad example demoralized the whole force; they fled for their lives, every one of them. At last it came to be a race between Samson and the patriarch, the other elephants having made lateral tracks for themselves, and got clear of danger. When it came to close quarters between the two, the *mahout*, thinking discretion the better part of valor, laid hold of the branch of a tree as he passed, and held on, leaving the other man to his fate. In a very short time he too was unseated, but in an involuntary manner; the elephant shot under the branch of a tree which did not afford space for the man to pass under as well, and he was swept to the ground. He was able, however, to elude the pursuer, who was so eager to get at the four-footed fugitive that he took no notice of the fallen rider as he crawled along into the thick jungle.

"Fortunately no life was lost in this most exciting adventure. Even the patriarch got off scot-free. When tired of the pursuit, Samson returned to his rural retreat. The deputation got home in the evening more frightened than hurt. I administered chlorodyne with much success to those whose bruises and lacerations bespoke a sleepless night; and it has since been regarded as a specific for patients suffering from cutaneous diseases and nervous excitement."

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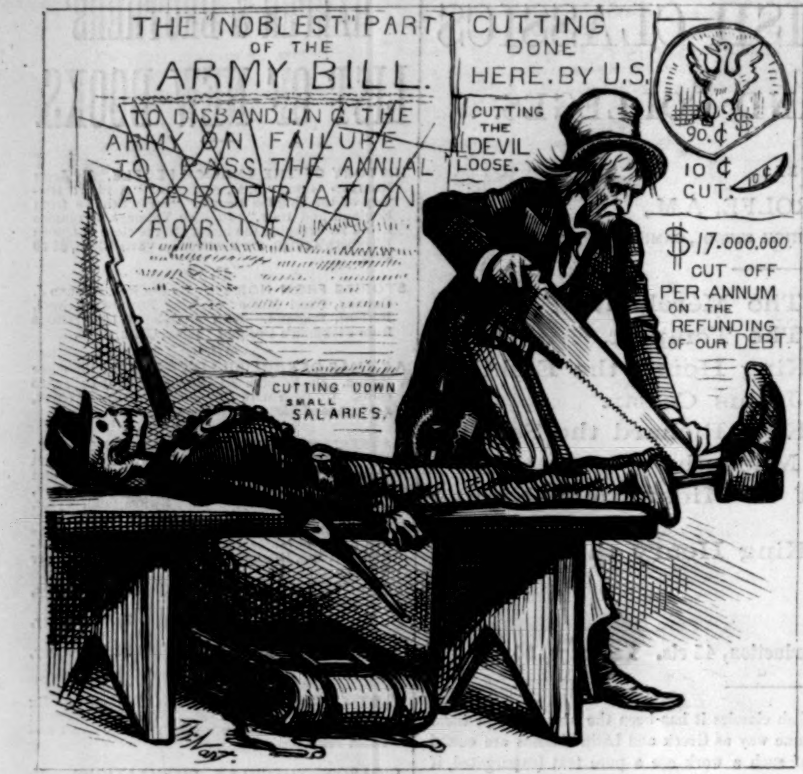
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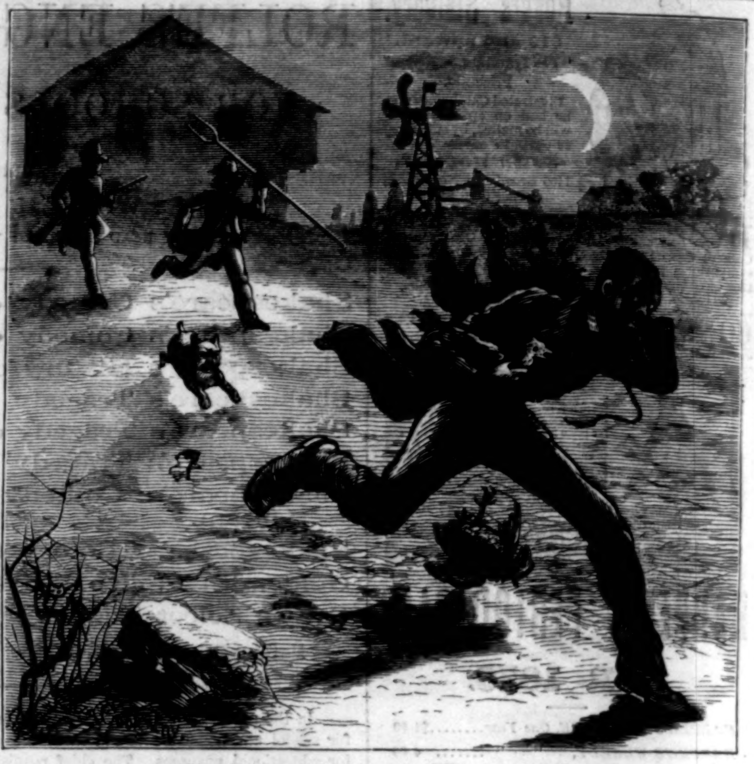

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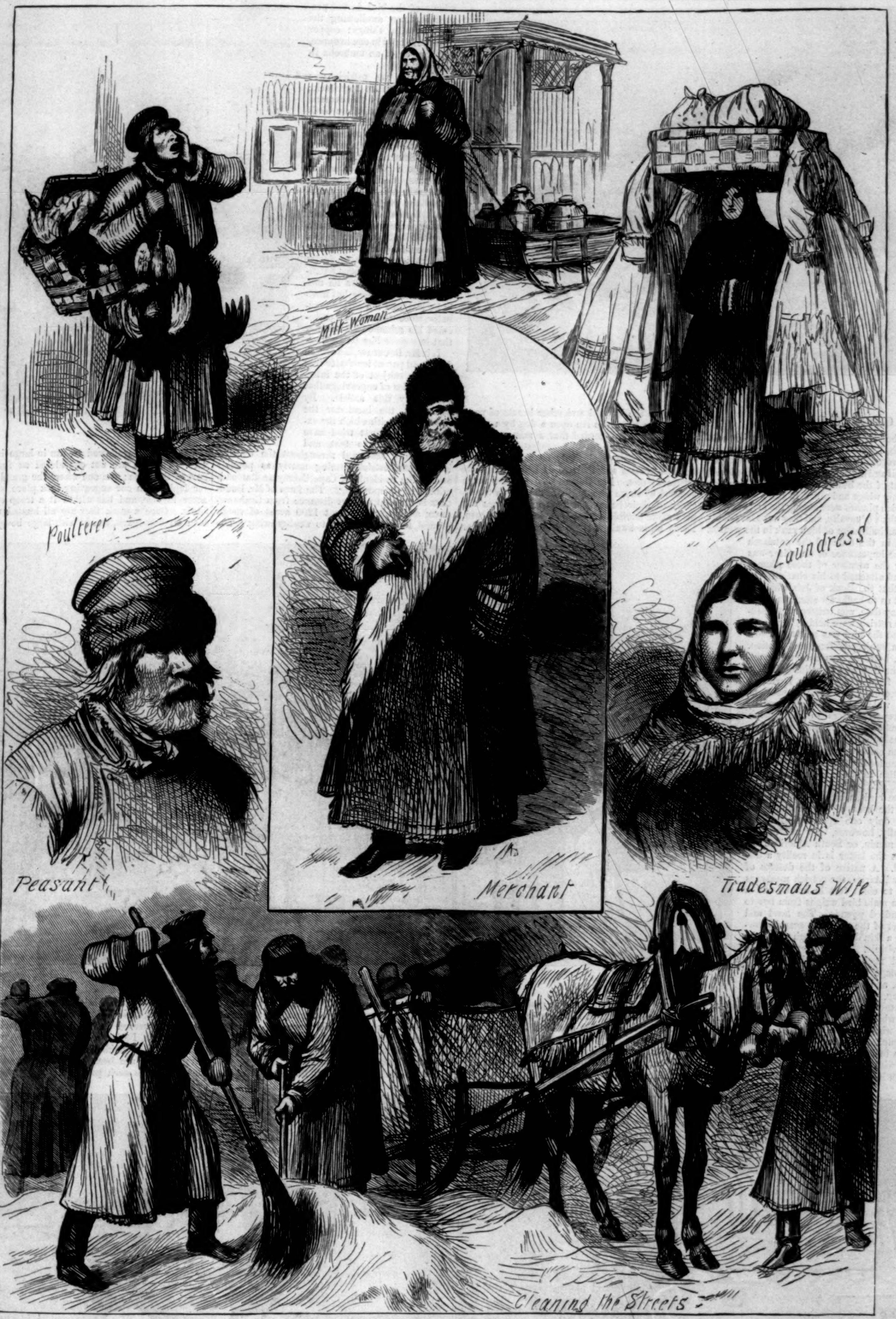

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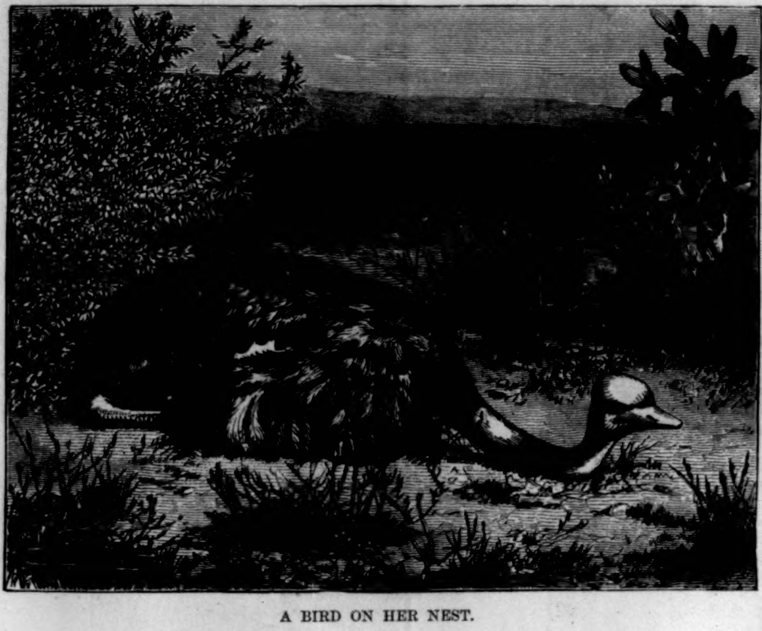
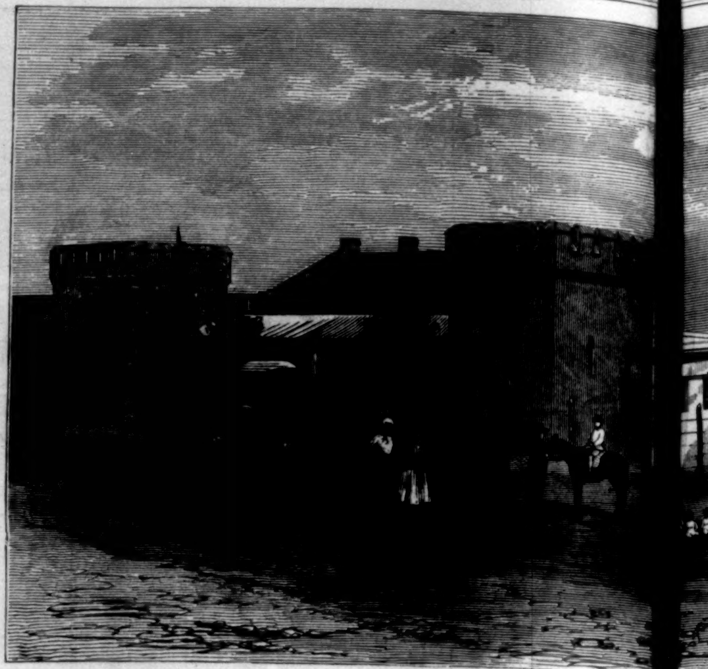


A BIRD ON HER NEST.



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From time immemorial the hideous ugliness of the ostrich, his abominable legs, atrocious voice, and omnivorous stomach have been forgiven him, and himself and his welfare studied and considered, on account of the beautiful feathers which adorn his ungainly wings and tail. In early ages of the world ostrich plumes were among the most esteemed decorations of royalty, and they were invariably regarded as indicative of high rank in the wearer. In Egypt, in the time of the patriarch **Joseph**, the importance of an officer was shown by the number of these plumes that he had attached to his chariot. At the time that the Book of Job, which is so ancient as to baffle all attempts to refer it to any date, was written, the feathers of the ostrich were held in high estimation, and the bird was so well known as to be a subject of frequent mention. The flesh, however, was held to be unclean by the Hebrews, or rather it is supposed so from a passage in Leviticus, where, according to certain translators, the word which is usually rendered by "owl" properly refers to the ostrich. Great numbers of ostriches were exhibited in the public spectacles by some of the Roman emperors, and at feasts their brains occasionally furnished material for a dainty dish, as at the table of **Heliogabalus**.

Of these birds, which in point of size stand at the head of the ornithological kingdom, only one species is known. Occasionally, however, they are ranked with the nandu, or South American ostrich; but the latter is in reality a distinct bird. A native of the deserts of Arabia and Africa, the ostrich measures from six to eight feet in height, and a full-grown male bird weighs from two to three hundred pounds. The head and upper part of the neck are scantily covered with a thin down, through which the skin is visible. The young have the head and neck clothed with feathers. The plumage is usually glossy black in the male, and dark gray in the female and young, with a slight sprinkling of white feathers; the long plumes of the wings and tail are white, occasionally marked with black. On each wing are two plumeless shafts, not unlike porcupine's quills. The strength of the ostrich lies in its legs. Not only is it capable of running with great speed, but of striking such a blow with its foot as to make it a formidable adversary to the leopard and other beasts of prey. It has been known to rip open a dog by a single stroke, and it is recorded that a man once suffered the same fate.

Ostriches feed exclusively on vegetable substances, grasses and their seeds being a favorite article of diet. For this reason they are much dreaded by those who cultivate the soil in the vicinity of their haunts; a flock of ostriches will soon make terrible devastations in a field of corn. These birds swallow large stones for the same purpose that smaller fowls do grains of sand—to aid the gizzard in the trituration of food. In confinement the ostrich has been known to swallow indiscriminately whatever came in its way—pieces of iron, bricks, glass, old shoes, copper coin, or any other object whose proportions are not beyond the capacity of its throat. The instincts of the bird do not prevent it from swallowing the most harmful things: copper coins were fatal in one instance, and a piece of an umbrella in another.

Formerly the ostrich was hunted by men on horseback; but of late years the demand for the feathers of these birds has elevated the breeding and raising of ostriches to the position of one of the great industries of Southern Africa. Ten years ago a gentleman named **Douglass**, residing near Grahamstown, in Cape Colony, conceived the project of what is now known as ostrich-farming. Having experimented with a few wild birds, and found that they would lay in confinement, he next set to work to devise some method of artificial hatching. For three years he met with but little success, but finally he invented the patent incubator, since when he has prosecuted his scheme in a manner that has made him famous.

It is Mr. **Douglass**, his ostrich farm, and patent incubator that form the subject of the interesting series of engravings that accompany this article. By means of the incubator the eleven birds with which the experiment was first tried have been increased to 900, and these, being scattered throughout the district, have made ostrich-farming nearly as popular among the residents of Cape Colony as diamond-mining or sheep-raising. The farm of Mr. **Douglass** is situated a short distance from Grahamstown, and occupies about 1200 acres of rough ground, formerly devoted to wool-growing. The country around was, until within a short period, used as sheep-walks, but a certain deterioration in the grasses rendered it unprofitable for such purposes. The quality is yet, however, sufficiently good to satisfy the ostrich—a much less fastidious creature than a sheep.

There are at present on the farm about 300 birds, which are allowed to run in large inclosures. The last are not considered as forming part of the farm; the one where the grand muster depicted in our engraving took place is 3000 acres in size, and has within it a troop of 240 birds. Once a week they are all hunted up by men on horseback, armed with large boughs of thorn to keep the birds off, as many are very savage, and their kick is dangerous. One man will be observed in front, with a pack-horse loaded with Indian corn, to lead them. The farm itself is divided into paddocks, and, with those which are breeding, one cock with two hens occupies each paddock. The young birds

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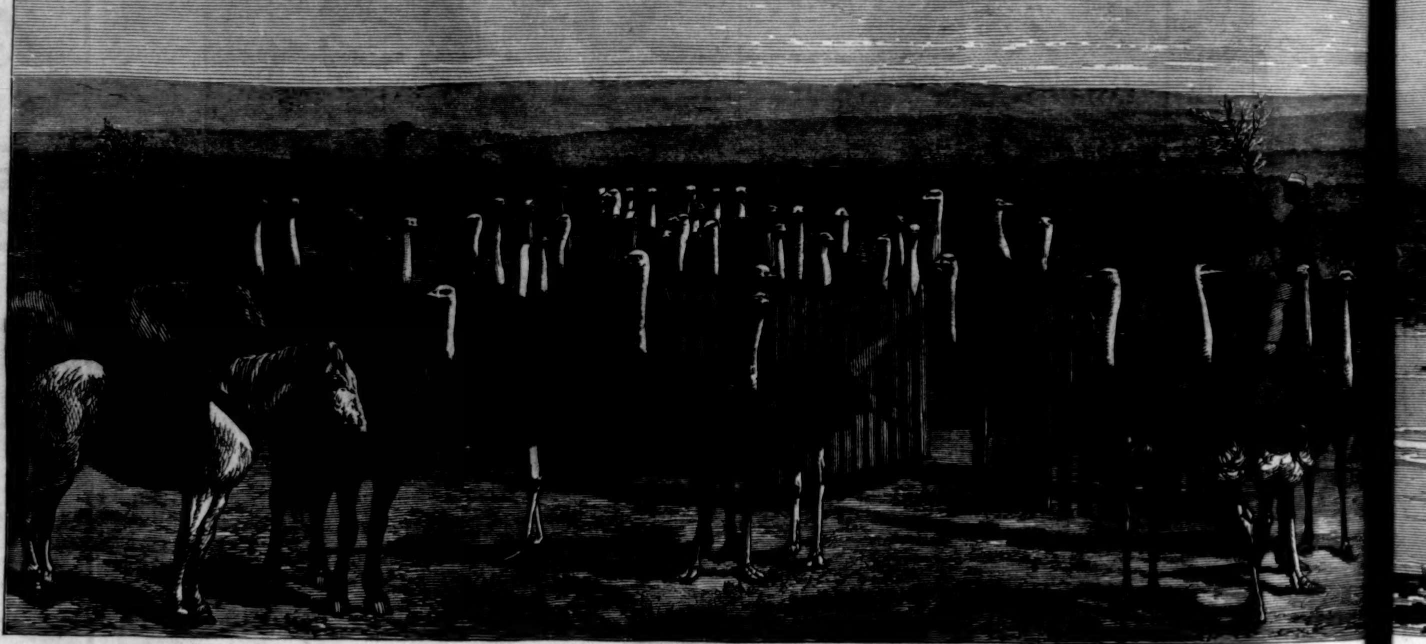

BIRDS MUSTERING.

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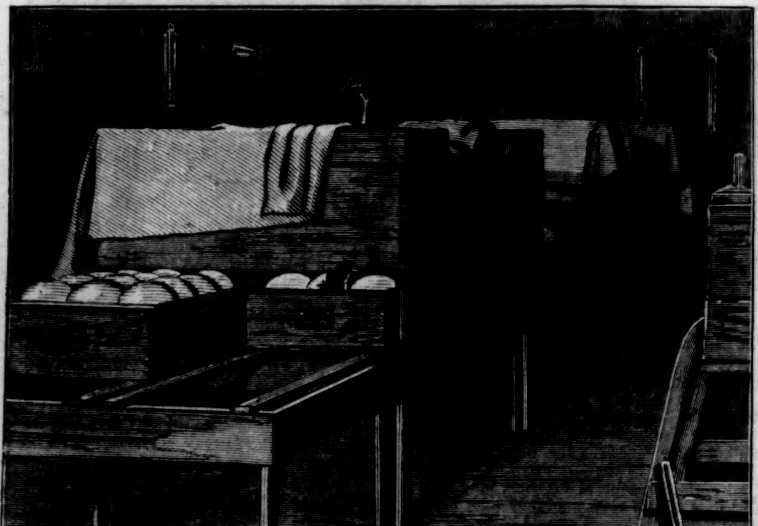
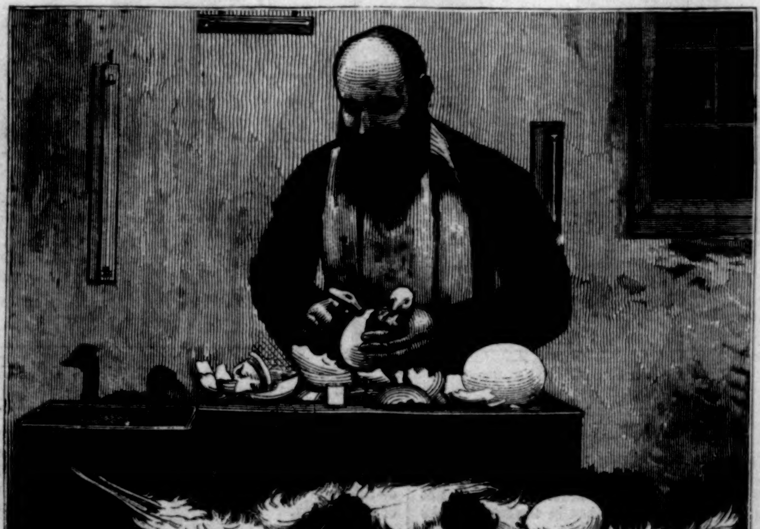
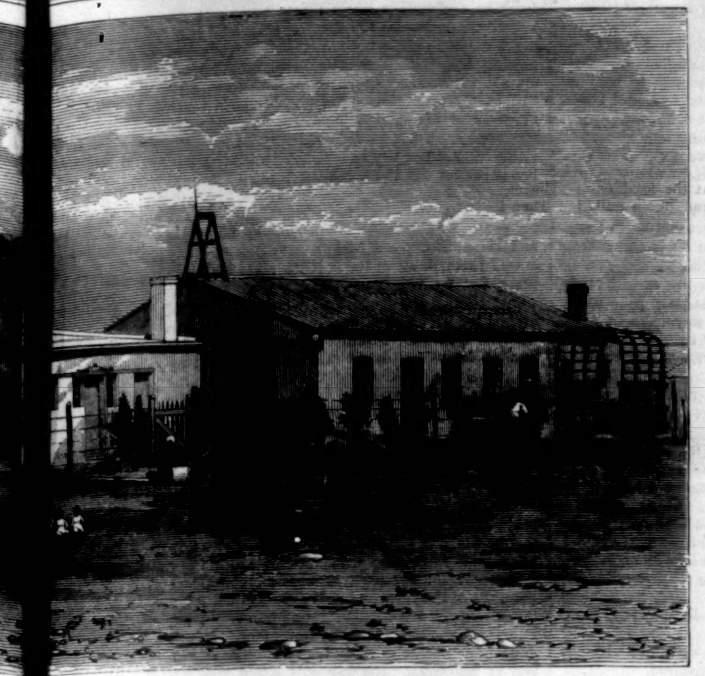


THE INCUBATING-ROOM.



HELPING OUT A WEAK ONE.

OSTRICH-FARMIN SOU



OWE AR GRAHAMSTOWN.

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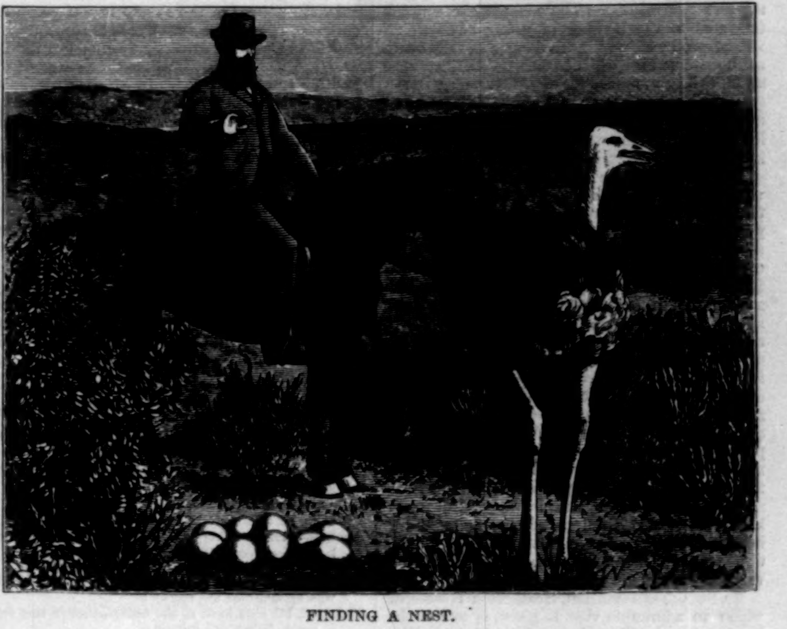
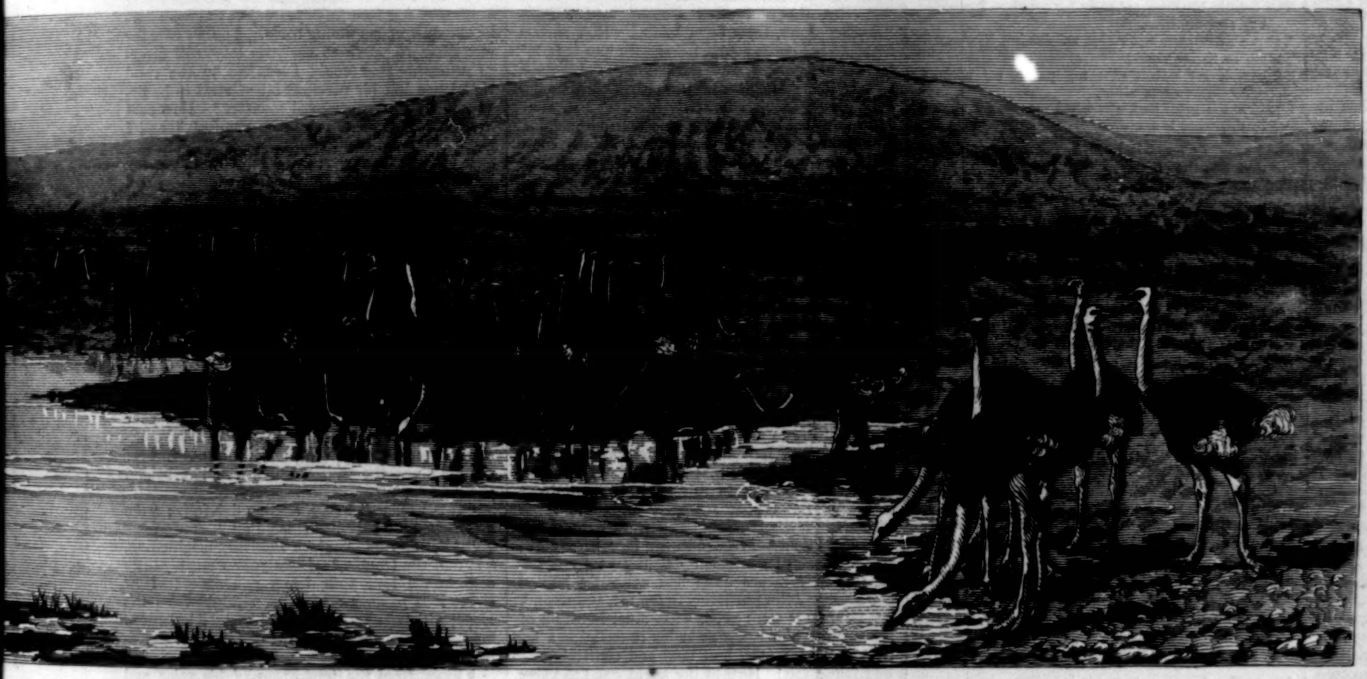
incubating-room which is shown in one of our sketches is a large building so constructed as not to be affected by change of weather. Here several incubators are at work. In one an egg can be seen just broken through. On the top of the machines are the birds' sleeping-places, all heated. The drawers are represented as when lowered and drawn out. All this is simple enough, and yet the work of hatching the eggs is most complicated, and requires not only care, but a capacity for tracing results which is by no means a common gift. The ostrich turns her egg frequently, so that each side of it may receive due attention. The ostrich-farmer must, therefore, turn his eggs. This he does about three times a day. A certain amount of moisture is required, as in nature moisture exudes from the sitting bird. The heat must be moderated according to circumstances, or the yolk becomes glue, and the young bird is choked. Nature has to be followed most minutely, and must be observed and understood before it can be followed. Again, when the moment arrives at which the young ostrich is ready to emerge from its shell it is frequently necessary to assist it in this difficult performance with instruments designed for the purpose. An instance of the manner in which the delicate operation is performed is given in the sketch, where Mr. DOUGLASS himself is represented in the act of helping a weakly bird out of its shell. By certain signs discovered by this successful ostrich-farmer it can be ascertained almost to an hour when the bird is ready to quit its prison. But it often happens that the small captive has not strength to burst his bonds, and unless helped would die. After they are introduced into the world the young ostriches require the most tender care. Deprived of the attentions of their natural guardian, it becomes necessary to replace her by a substitute, who is usually chosen from among the coolies connected with the farm. To each lot of about thirty birds a man is told off, who from sunrise to sunset goes about in the lucern fields with them, cutting up the lucern for them, or breaking bones for them, and finding them gravel and water. They become immensely attached to their nurse, and, as a general thing, he is devoted to them; for each bird when hatched is supposed to be worth not less than fifty dollars. Thus the loss is severe when a number of them die from any neglect or error in the treatment of their tender youth. When full grown the value of an ostrich is from three to four hundred dollars. The birds are plucked before they are a year old, but the age at which they cease to yield their periodical harvest of graceful plumes has not apparently been yet determined. There are ostriches on Mr. DOUGLASS's farm which have been robbed of their feathers at proper intervals for sixteen years, and yet the quality of their plumage does not depreciate. When plucking time has come, the necessary number of birds are enticed by a liberal display of mealies—as maize or Indian corn is called in South Africa—into a pen, one side of which is movable. The birds will go willingly after mealies, and will run about their paddocks after any one they see, in the expectation of these delicacies. When the pen is full, the movable side is run in, so that the birds are compressed together beyond the power of violent struggling. They can not spread their wings, or make the dart forward which is customary to them when about to kick. Then men go in among them, and, taking up their wings, pluck or cut their feathers. Both processes are common, but the former is most so, as being the more profitable. There is a heavier weight to sell when the feather is plucked; and the quill begins to grow again at once, whereas the process is delayed when nature is called upon to eject the stump. Apparently the ostrich suffers but little when his feathers are drawn, for he takes scarcely any notice of the operation. On the other hand, perhaps he is a philosopher who scoffs at physical pain. However this may be, the plucking is an affliction that has to be endured by the victim twice a year; that is, the tail and the primary wing feathers, which are the only white ones, are plucked, and also the secondary wing feathers, these being the black ones, which are valuable, but not as much so as the others. When the harvest of plumes has been collected they are taken into the feather-room and sorted into lots of various qualities. The white primary rim from under the bird's wing produces the best plumes. These are frequently sold for as high a price as $125 per pound.

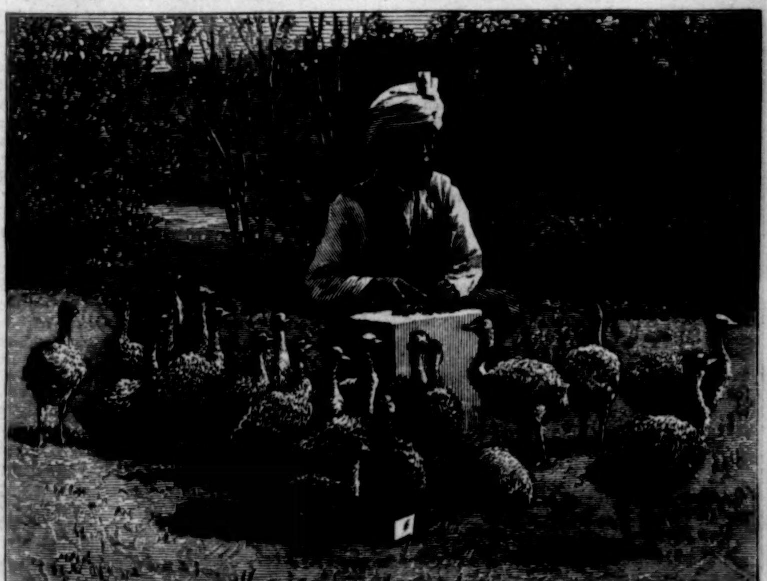
It is said that the present demand for ostrich plumes has made the business of producing them so profitable that it not infrequently yields an advance of fifty per cent. annually on the capital invested. Yet, on the other hand, large sums of money have been lost by persons who have tried it and been unsuccessful. ANTHONY TROLLOPE, who visited Mr. DOUGLASS's farm in 1877, and from whose admirable description a large portion of the material for this article has been drawn, adduces the following reasons which, as he says, render the business of ostrich-farming a precarious one: "The birds are of such value, a full-grown bird in perfect health being worth as much as £75, that there are of course risks of great loss. And I doubt whether the industry has as yet existed long enough for those who employ it to know all its conditions. The two great things to do are to hatch the eggs, and then to pluck or cut the feathers, sort them, and send them to the market. I think I may say that ostrich-farming without the use of an incubator can never produce great results. The birds injure their feathers by sitting, and at every hatch-



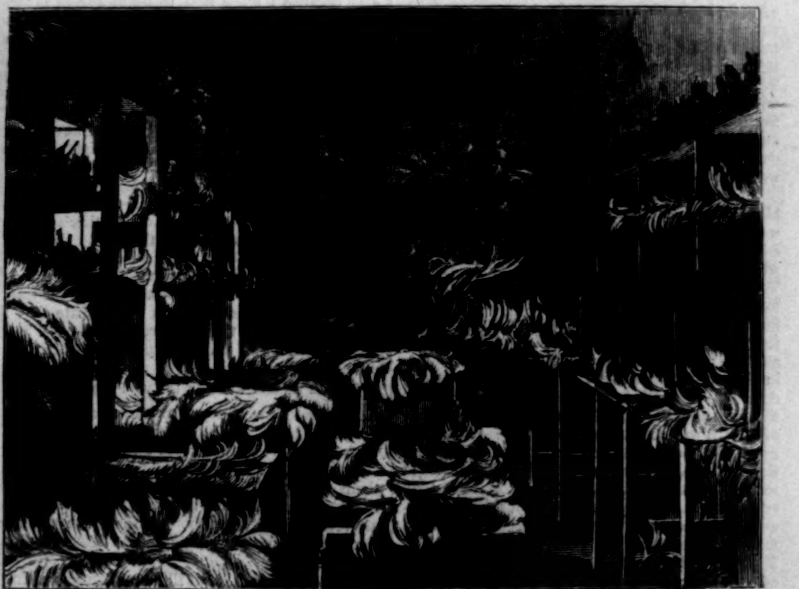
FINDING A NEST.



BIRDS DRINKING.



COOLY TENDING YOUNG BIRDS.



THE FEATHER-ROOM.

SOUTH AFRICA.